

' I SAW SOME BLACK FIGURES MADLY SCOOPING UP SAND '

Page 140

Radiant



Reading

The Gleaming Road

Edited by

T. C. COLLOCOTT, M.A.



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RADIANT READING

A NEW series of class reading-books for pupils of seven years and upwards. The books are graded in the following order :

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------|
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PREFACE

THIS book is devised in accordance with the *Radiant Reading Method*, of which a brief summary is given below. (For a detailed description see the pamphlet *The Radiant Reading Method*, which the Publishers will be glad to forward, free of charge.)

THE RADIANT READING METHOD

1. Before any reading is attempted, the pupil must ascertain for himself the meanings of any unfamiliar words occurring in the passage. Words which, to the average pupil, may be unfamiliar, are given, in heavy type, at the head of each lesson. In this connection it is strongly recommended that pupils be trained, as early as possible, to use a simple dictionary. (Note.—The words at the head of each lesson are *not* 'spelling lists'; nor are they necessarily the *only* new words in the passage.)

2. The passage is read *silently* by the class, each pupil being required to 'find out' suitable answers to the questions which appear, in small type, at the head of each lesson. The answers will supply definite clues to the meaning of the passage as a whole.

3. The passage is considered by the class under

PREFACE

the guidance of the teacher, who (a) obtains, from various pupils, answers to the preliminary questions, and (b) works through the passage, paragraph by paragraph, clearing away *en route* any remaining verbal or other difficulties.

4. By this time the class will have grasped the full meaning of the passage, which is now, and only now, read aloud by individual pupils.

It will be seen that the keynote of the *Radiant Reading Method* is the complete understanding of the passage before any reading aloud by the pupils is attempted.

The preliminary apparatus of words and questions has, as a rule, been omitted from the poems. The teacher should, nevertheless, before any reading is attempted by the pupils, read the whole poem aloud, giving full attention to metre, rhythm, and rhyme, and clearing away such difficulties as might impede the pupils' enjoyment of the piece. Many of the poems have been chosen with a view to the opportunities which they offer for 'dramatic' rendering and speech-training. The plays included in the book have been specially devised for acting with as much or as little in the way of properties as it may be convenient to provide.

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The cook, who was a poor and simple fellow, trussed the bird and set it over the fire to roast. When it was nearly done, a friend chanced to come into the kitchen, and, being attracted by the good smell, earnestly begged for a leg of the crane.

‘Nay, you shall have no leg from me,’ said the cook.

Annoyed at this refusal, the friend replied, ‘Very well, then, you need never again expect any favour from me.’

At once a quarrel arose, and was carried to a great height between them. At length, for the sake of peace, the cook was obliged to carve a leg from the crane and give it to his friend. So the bird was served up at supper with only one leg.

Currado, who had a friend at supper with him, at once sent for the cook and asked angrily what had become of the other leg of the crane.

The cook replied after a moment’s thought, ‘A crane has only one leg, sir.’

‘What do you mean?’ cried Currado in great wrath. ‘Only one leg! Rascal, do you think I have never seen a crane in my life?’

‘Believe me, sir, it is as I say, and I will prove it to you, whenever you please, from a living crane,’ declared the cook.

‘Well,’ said Currado, who did not choose to have any more words in the presence of his friend,

‘as you offer to show me a thing which I have never seen before, I am content to have it proved to-morrow morning ; but if you are wrong, as indeed you must be, I will thrash you so that you will remember to-morrow as long as you live.’

2

There the matter ended that night, but Currado, whose anger at the man’s impudence had hardly allowed him to get any rest, rose early. He called for horses, and took the cook along with him towards a river where he had often seen plenty of cranes at that early hour of the day.

‘We shall soon see,’ he said to the cook, ‘how much truth was in your words spoken last night.’

The cook was now fairly at his wits’ end. Gladly would he have made his escape, but he knew that there was now little hope of doing so. All of a sudden, as they came in sight of the river, he happened to see, before anyone else, a number of cranes. They were each standing on one leg, as cranes usually do when they are sleeping.

With a sigh of relief the cook pointed them out to Currado, saying, ‘Now, sir, you yourself can see that I spoke nothing but truth when I said that cranes have only one leg.’

Currado looked at the birds, then replied, ‘Yes,

true ; but I will show you different.' Then, riding up to the birds, he cried out, ' Shoo ! Shoo ! '

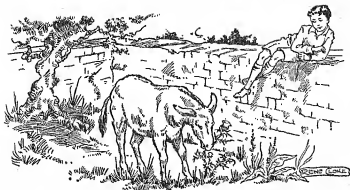
At once each crane set down the other foot, and after taking a step or two, they all flew away. Currado then turned to the cook and said angrily, ' Well, rogue, do you believe now that cranes have two legs ? What can you say to save yourself from the thrashing that I promised you ? '

' Only this, sir,' replied the cook, making a brave effort to gather his wits : ' had you but called " Shoo ! Shoo ! " to that crane last night, it might have put down the other leg too, as these birds did now ; so you might have been saved all this journey.'

' Well said, fellow, well said ! ' declared Currado, laughing. ' Your ready wit has saved your skin ! Let us turn and go home.'

Thus the cook escaped a beating, and made peace with his master.

From Boccaccio's 'Decameron.'



2. NICHOLAS NYE

Thistle and darnel and dock grew there,
And a bush, in the corner, of may,
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
In the blazing heat of the day ;
Half asleep and half awake,
While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and grey,
Lame of a leg and old,
More than a score of donkey's years
He had seen since he was foaled ;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn his head, as if he said,
' Poor Nicholas Nye ! '

NICHOLAS NYE

Alone with his shadow he 'd drowse in the meadow,
Lazily swinging his tail,
At break of day he used to bray,
Not much too hearty and hale ;
But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
And a clear calm light in his eye,
And once in a while, he 'd smile—
Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush, in the corner, of may—
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
Knobble-kneed, lonely and grey ;
And over the grass would seem to pass
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I 'd trudge to mine ;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye.

Walter de la Mare.

3. HIPPOS *versus* ELEPHANTS

A True Tale from East Africa

Words: maize caution retreating
 foliage stampeding collided

Find out:

- (1) In what great peril did the native boy find himself?
- (2) How did he save himself?
- (3) How do you explain the title of this story?

I

One day a native guide came to my camp and complained to me that a hippopotamus herd was eating his growing maize by night. By day, he said, the robbers lay in a water-hole, or large pond, out in the dry Kilwa country.

Now it was my task to kill animals who damaged crops, so I gathered a group of natives and set out at cock-crow. One of my men carried on his head twenty-four empty petrol cans. I intended to fill these with fresh hippo fat, which would afterwards be used as grease for boat hulls.

When we reached the water-hole, we found it to be a very pleasant place. It had the usual

fringe of green trees, which were of great height and dense with foliage. Short grass, closely cropped by game, lay around it for a mile or more. Tracks of all kinds of beasts were about, and it was evident that the spot was a favourite drinking-place.

The native boy's load of empty cans was noisy, rattling at every step the lad made. I signed to him to keep to the rear lest he should disturb the animals. Then, with great caution, I approached the water-hole. I noticed that there were many birds around it. Egyptian geese sat on a high broad branch, and many other waterfowl were about.

Remembering the purpose of my errand, I sighted a number of hippos lying on a sand-bank, half in and half out of the water. I tried a shot at one, and was aiming for a second shot in the confusion of water and frightened hippos when a cry of alarm behind me made me turn. My heart leapt within me at the sight that met my eyes.

A dozen elephants, who had been standing still and silent in the thick green foliage about the water-hole, were stampeding from my shot and charging blindly upon the unlucky lad who was carrying the cans. Behind him a number of hippos, who had been late in returning from their night grazing, scampered in fright towards their

water refuge. The poor can-carrier stood between the two approaching teams of thick-skinned giants !

2

The hippos reached the boy first. As they did so, he tossed his load of cans right on to the snout of one of the animals, who flung up his head as if in defence. The hippo must have taken that bright and shining bundle of tins to be a deadly human weapon, for he gave the tins a 'header' that a football player would have envied. With a fearsome din the cans scattered in all directions.

The cans saved the native boy, for the hippos ran away from them as if from live shells. In doing so some of the animals 'dribbled' the tins a yard or two with their fore-feet.

At this moment the elephants reached the scene. *They* knew what danger could come from a rifle shot, and nothing could prevent them from retreating rapidly from the water-hole.

By this time the hippos began to feel that there must be some deadly peril behind the elephants, so they turned and joined the jumbos in a scattered flight. As they did so, the whole affair looked very like a football match when the ball sails away to the rear and the whole field follows.

The native boy ran out of the way with the

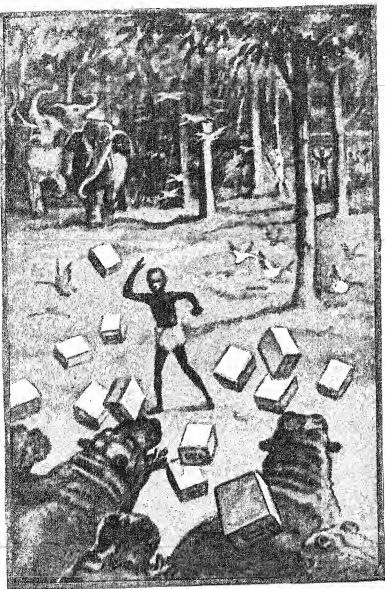
smartness of a nimble referee. If only he had been my camp headman, who possesses a whistle and blows it at night to frighten away wild beasts, he might have made the likeness even greater.

Soon afterwards 'soccer' turned to 'rugger.' An awkward five-year-old jumbo collided with a can and fell down on the top of it in sheer fright. Four larger elephants at once turned to help their fallen mate, as they so often do.

There we had a 'scrimmage'! The youngster lay on the 'ball' until the others pulled him from it. When he found his feet again, he stumbled away after the disappearing hippos, and the rest followed. As the two packs fled from the 'ground,' I could not help feeling sorry that the 'match' was over!

Meanwhile the geese, disturbed by my rifle shot, had followed the elephants, and the noise of the cans had excited them into a yelling mob of wild-fowl. There we had the 'crowd,' cheering madly over the 'result'!

Barca Barker.



'THE CANS SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS'

4. THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH—I

Words: dolefully encourage interrupted coverlet
gnarled fretting affection unfortunately

Find out:

- (1) What did the dying Larch ask the Pine to do?
- (2) How did the young Larch repay the Pine for his care?

I

Once upon a time a great storm swept through a forest and blew down hundreds of noble trees. A stout old Pine, whose chief friend for eighty years and more had been a Larch, saw her come crashing to the ground beside him. While the Larch lay dying she begged the Pine to bend down and listen to her last wishes.

'Pine, Pine,' she sighed, 'I shall soon be dead, and the woodmen will come and chop me up, and the forest where we have lived together all these years in such friendship will see me no more. I was the tallest Larch for miles around and I could see over the tops of all the other trees. I was always the first tree to receive the kiss of Spring. Only the bravest squirrels dared to climb to my swaying top. Now even a miserable rabbit can jump over my trunk.'

The Pine let fall a shower of tears over his poor friend, and his old branches creaked dolefully, for he knew that he should miss her beyond words. Never again would she be whispering long tales to him when the gentle summer breezes played through her delicate foliage, and never again should he be watching her straight, slim trunk motionless beside him in the moonlight.

'What do you want me to do?' the Pine groaned.

'I want you to look after the baby Larch I am leaving behind,' she murmured.

And bending over, the Pine saw between two of his own gnarled roots a dainty feathery tuft of golden-green hardly two inches high.

And the old Pine remembered the days when he and the Larch had played together as children, and the pride with which they had shown one another their first cones. He thought too of those April blushes when the Larch was plumed with crimson, and how much he had always admired her long golden tresses in October.

'Look after my little girl, Pine,' sighed the Larch. 'Do not let her grow up crooked. Protect her against the wind, and do not let her encourage birds to build nests in her branches until she is tall enough to be out of the reach of boys. I remember I lost one of my own best

THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH

branches by encouraging a crossbill to build in me before I was tall enough. Eggs and nest and branch were all destroyed.'

Then she turned to her little daughter.

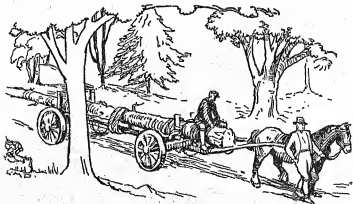
'Remember,' she said, 'that a Larch must always be straight. Do what the Pine tells you. He is your mother's oldest friend, and he is one of the wisest trees alive.'

The baby Larch was too young to talk yet ; but she nodded her tiny golden-green head to show that she understood what her mother was saying.

2

The next day the woodmen came to drag away the old Larch to the saw-mill.

'Plenty of fine straight planks here,' one of them said.



The old Larch sighed happily as she died, for she had been fretting a great deal lest she should suffer the disgrace of being cut up for firewood.

Soon after the remains of the Larch had been carted away, the Snow Queen passed through the forest.

‘Your Majesty—’ the Pine murmured respectfully.

‘Do not worry,’ the Snow Queen interrupted. ‘I have given orders that you are never to have too much snow piled on your branches.’

‘It was not for myself I was speaking, your Majesty,’ said the Pine. ‘I was anxious to have this baby Larch safely covered up for the rest of the winter. You know what rabbits are.’

So the Snow Queen, who had an affection for the old Pine, told her Snow Maidens to put an extra thick white coverlet over the baby Larch, and not to take it off until Spring came.

Years went by, and the baby Larch grew into a slim and beautiful young tree, for the Pine guarded her against the fierce West Wind; and when the roe-deer or rabbits seemed inclined to nibble her he would drop his heaviest pine-cones on the creatures and frighten them away.

Unfortunately, the Larch, instead of being grateful to the Pine, began to think that he was standing in her light.

THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH

'I soon shan't have room to grow,' she grumbled to a young Birch who was her chief companion. 'I wish to goodness this old Pine could be blown down. His creaking gets on my nerves, and some of his boughs are quite bald. It is high time he was turned into firewood.'

The old Pine overheard the young Larch and the young Birch talking like this, and he shook his dark-green head sadly.

'How unlike her dear mother,' he sighed to himself.

5. THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH—II

Words: tremendous tyrant ancient hideous
revenge treacherous matted conceited

Find out:

- (1) How did the Pine meet his end?
- (2) What was the fate of the young Larch?

I

That Autumn another tremendous storm raged through the forest, and even the very oldest trees shrieked for terror as the West Wind charged

through them. 'The old Pine was groaning under the strain of keeping himself upright and shielding the young Larch.

A great Spruce, who had been in love with the young Larch's mother, and who therefore was extremely jealous of the Pine, saw his chance for a grand revenge. He knew that his own hour was come, and indeed he would not have lived so long as he had if he had not bowed very low with respect to the West Wind whenever that tyrant went roaring past.

'Wild West Wind,' he cried, 'I know that my hour has come. Grant a last favour to one who has always shown you the greatest respect.'

'What do you want?' roared the Wind.

'Join arms with your brother the North Wind,' the Spruce begged, 'and blow together, so that when I fall I may fall against that proud old Pine, who for years has refused to bow his head to you.'

So the West Wind joined arms with his brother the North Wind, and together they blew harder than ever; and just when the Pine felt glad that he was getting a little protection from the Spruce, the treacherous Spruce crashed down out of the black night and felled him to the earth. The Pine might have saved his own life if he had loosened his roots; but he was afraid of loosening the Larch too, so, like the gallant old tree he was,

THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH



he allowed his trunk to snap close to the ground, dying immediately and thus mercifully spared the grief of knowing that he was to be cut up into firewood instead of into planks.

'Now we can breathe a bit,' said the ungrateful young Larch to the young Birch, 'and there's hardly any wind now.'

This was true. The West Wind, after blowing down the Spruce and the Pine, had tired of hunting through the forest and had gone off with his brother, the North Wind, to hunt through another.

The sun rose on a calm and golden October day. The young Larch in her amber dress felt that every tree in the forest must be admiring her. But there she was wrong. On the other side of the old Pine was a very ancient Birch all wrinkled and gnarled and twisted and knotted. Hideous toadstools were growing up her trunk, and her once lovely tresses were now matted and faded.

'Who on earth is that hideous old Birch?' the young Larch asked.

'Good gracious, it's my great-great-grandmother,' cried the young Birch. 'I thought she was dead years ago.'

The old Birch glared at the slim and beautiful young trees; a green flush of jealousy spread over her wrinkled trunk.

'You conceited young hussy,' she hissed at the Larch. 'I'd been hearing about you for several years from that old Pine who died; but I never got a peep at you before. Well, I'm tired of living any longer, and it will amuse me to spoil your fine shape.'

With this the horrible old Birch plunged forward with a crack, and seizing the young Larch with her twisted twiggy fingers she pushed her over half-way to the ground.

THE UNGRATEFUL LARCH

'Great-great-grandmamma!' cried the young Birch. 'Please, please let go of my friend.'

But the old Birch was as dead as the Pine, and she did not move.

'Never mind, dear,' said the young Birch to her friend, 'the woodmen will soon be along this way, and they will pull her off you.'

But the woodmen did not come that way for a year, and when at last they removed the old Birch the young Larch was crippled for life.

She is still alive and might have been as tall a tree as her mother was before her; but instead of looking over the top of the other trees and being given the first kiss of Spring, she is almost bent double. A lonely old cripple she is, for the very birds are afraid to nest in a tree up whose trunk boys and girls can climb quite easily.

And all the Larches in the forest with young Larches of their own point her out as an example of the pride which comes before a fall.

Compton Mackenzie.

6. FOR NIMBLE TONGUES

I

The Dream of a Girl who lived at Seven-oaks

Seven sweet singing birds up in a tree ;
Seven white sailing-ships white upon the sea ;
Seven bright weather-cocks shining in the sun ;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a run ;
Seven gold butterflies, flitting overhead ;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden bed ;
Seven white lilies, with honey-bees inside them ;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to divide them ;
Seven pretty little girls with sugar on their lips ;
Seven witty little boys whom everybody tips ;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain ;
With bread and jam for supper I could dream it
all again !

II

The Dream of a Boy who lived at Nine-elms

Nine grenadiers, with bayonets in their guns ;
Nine bakers' baskets, with hot-cross buns ;
Nine brown elephants standing in a row ;
Nine pairs of skates, good ones to go ;

FOR NIMBLE TONGUES

Nine clever conjurors eating hot coals ;
Nine sturdy mountaineers leaping on their poles ;
Nine little drummer boys beating on their drums ;
Nine fat aldermen sitting on their thumbs ;
Nine new knockers to our front door ;
Nine new neighbours whom I never saw before ;
Nine nights running I dreamt it all plain ;
With bread and cheese for supper I could dream
it all again !

W. B. Rands.

An Eastern Proverb

He who knows and knows he knows,
He is a wise man : seek him.
He who knows and knows not he knows,
He is asleep : wake him.
He who knows not and knows he knows not,
He is a child : teach him.
He who knows not and knows not he knows not,
He is a fool : shun him !

7. LETTERS FROM ASSAM—I

Assam, in the north-east of India, has been called the 'tea-garden of the world.' The writer of these letters is in charge of one of the many tea estates in that district.

<i>Words:</i>	estate	factory	pruned
	shrubs	stifled	constructed

Find out:

- (1) If an aeroplane carried you over a tea estate in the growing season, what would you see?
- (2) What jobs do the following people do: (a) the Indian women and children; (b) the men; (c) the writer of this letter?

NAHAIN TEA ESTATE, ASSAM.
1st December.

DEAR JOHN,

In your last letter you asked me to describe the growing and making of tea. Now, that is a very big subject, but I shall try to tell you something about it.

As you no doubt know, tea grows on bushes. On a tea estate, such as this one among the hills of Assam, there are thousands and thousands of tea bushes. They are planted close together in long lines, and they look like shrubs that have

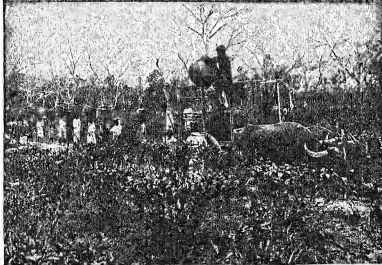
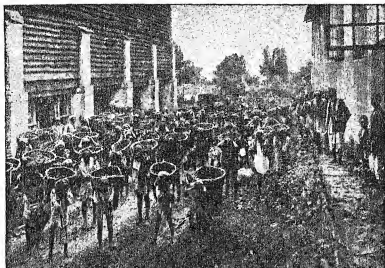
been cut flat across the top about three feet from the ground.

Although all our plants are carefully raised from seed, it is interesting to remember that tea grows wild in Assam. Wild tea is quite a tall tree with much larger and coarser leaves than those of the plant which is grown in the estates.

Early in the morning companies of Indian women and children, each carrying a basket, go off to the garden to pluck the leaf. They are a cheerful, light-hearted crowd, chattering and singing as they work. How brightly coloured their clothes are, too, though many of the younger children wear only a string of beads.

The tea, or the 'leaf,' as we call it here, looks very like the young shoots on any bush that you can see at home. Only the youngest and most tender leaves are plucked ; and the younger the leaf the finer the tea. Two or three times a day all the leaf that has been collected is weighed and taken off to the factory in bullock carts, there to be made into tea as you know it.

While most of the women and children are engaged in plucking the leaf, the men of the estate—the coolies, as we call them—are also busily employed in the garden, but it is not very often that they have to pluck. It is their task to keep the long lines of bushes free from weeds. You



Dorion Leigh.

SCENES ON AN ASSAM TEA ESTATE

Top picture—Leaf-gatherers at the factory.

Bottom picture—Loading a bullock cart with the leaf.

know how quickly weeds grow at home. Out here, where the rainfall is the heaviest in the world, the air is so hot and damp that they grow many times as fast. Indeed, the bushes would soon be stifled by unwelcome weeds if the coolies of the estate did not hoe the soil continually to keep it clean.

The growth of the leaf stops about Christmas time, and then we have a period of three months in which to do various other jobs. The bushes have to be pruned regularly to keep them level, so that they may always be within reach of the pluckers; and young tea plants have to be planted out.

This is the time of year, too, when we build and repair the Indians' houses. They are constructed of bamboo, mud walls, and thatch, so they do not take long to build.

What is *my* work, I hear you ask? I have to go round every day and see that the work is being done properly. I do this partly on my pony and partly on foot among the bushes. Perhaps it sounds easy work, but it is not much fun when it is raining hard! Besides my regular work, I am often called upon to settle disputes or decide questions between the coolies.

Still, I find time to play golf, polo and tennis, and now I am off to the Club. I shall write you

again next week, telling you more about life on our tea estate.

Your affectionate

UNCLE BOB.

8. LETTERS FROM ASSAM—II

Words: recognise sieve blended industries

Find out:

- (1) What are the different steps in the making of tea?
- (2) Where is the world's greatest tea market? What happens there?

NAHAIN TEA ESTATE, ASSAM.
8th December.

DEAR JOHN,

In this letter I propose to tell you how the tea that you know is made from the green leaf plucked in the garden.

When the leaf, after being weighed, is brought into the factory, it is taken to large lofts. Here it is spread out on wire racks and allowed to wither until it becomes soft when squeezed in the hand.

After about eighteen hours, when the leaf has withered enough, it is carried away and fed into rolling machines, in which it is pressed down on to moving steel tables. Here the leaf is bruised and

cut ; this brings out the juice, and turns the leaf into a wet, sticky mass which has the appearance of mashed seaweed.

The sticky mass is now taken away to a cool, dark room, where it is spread out on white-tiled beds. Soon it turns from green to a bright-red colour, and begins to smell rather like crushed apples. It is now ready to be taken to the firing machines.

The firing machines have moving sets of trays inside them. The leaf is fed in at the top of each machine, and the trays pass it down and out at the foot. Hot air is forced over the trays ; this dries the leaf, so that it comes out of the machine the black tea that you would recognise. This is called 'firing' the leaf ; we do it twice to make sure that the tea is really dry and crisp.

Next, the tea is taken away to another room to be sifted. Here it goes through still more machines, with wire sieves in them this time. These sort out the tea into the various grades, leaving only the finishing touches to be done by Indian women with small hand sieves. Curious names some of the grades have, too, such as Orange Pekoe and Broken Souchong. Tea was first made in China, and some of the old Chinese names are still used.

Each grade is stored in a big bin, and when the bins are full the tea is packed into strong wooden

boxes. From my garden the boxes are taken in bullock carts to the railway, then off they go to Calcutta, and from there in steamers all the way to London.

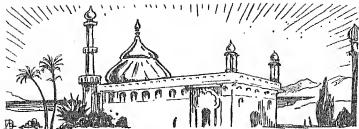
In London is the world's largest tea market, called Mincing Lane, where all the tea is sold. There different kinds of tea are blended, and later made up into the packets which you buy from the grocer.

So, you see, the making of a pound of tea is quite a big business. The next time you drink a cup of tea, try to think of all the people who have helped to make it for you. Think, too, of those who, during the last hundred years, have made tea-growing one of the most important industries in India, indeed in our Empire.

Some day, I hope, you will be able to visit me in this distant corner of the globe, and see for yourself all that I have described. And now I must hurry off to weigh the leaf.

Your affectionate

UNCLE BOB.



9. TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow ;—
Where below another sky,
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats ;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar ;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum ;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts ;—

Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes ;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin ;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan ;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room ;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals ;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

R. L. Stevenson.

10. SOME MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES—I

Here are two stories from a book which was supposed to have been written by a traveller named Baron Münchhausen,¹ who lived nearly two hundred years ago. The strange things that happened to the Baron, and the surprising things that he did, are certainly not true, but we cannot help laughing at them.

<i>Words:</i>	irksome	chaff	violence
	Sultan	descent	fathoms

Find out:

- (1) What was the Baron's duty as the Sultan's slave?
- (2) Why did he visit the moon?
- (3) How did he get back to earth?

I had the misfortune to be made prisoner of war by the Turks, and, what is worse, to be sold for a slave. In that humble state my daily task was not very hard or toilsome, but rather odd and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all day long, and at night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon saw that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces

¹ Pronounce Moonch-how-zen (ch as in loch)

for the honey she carried. I had no weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, meaning to frighten them away and set the poor bee at liberty ; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon.

How was I to fetch it down again ? I remembered that Turkey-beans grow very quick and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one at once ; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns.

I had now no more to do but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived. I had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet in a place where everything has the brightness of silver. At last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I was now for returning, but alas ! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean ; it was altogether useless for my descent. So I fell to work, and twisted a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it.

Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and, with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower.



This repeated cutting and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm.

I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke. I fell to the ground with such violence that I found myself stunned, lying in a hole nine fathoms deep, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height.

I recovered, but knew not how to get out again. However, I dug slopes or steps with my fingernails, and easily managed it.

II. SOME MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES—II

Words: stage-coach postilion entertained

Find out:

- (1) What difficulty did the Baron's coach meet in the lane? How did he get over it?
- (2) What amazing thing happened in the inn?

Peace was soon after made with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I left the capital of Russia. The winter was then so severe all over Europe that, ever since, the sun seems to be frost-bitten.

I travelled by stage-coach, and, finding myself in a narrow lane, I bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, so that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his efforts were in vain, for he could not make the horn sound. This was strange and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way.

There was no going forward. However, I got out of my carriage, and, being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head. I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high into a

field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. Considering the weight of the coach, this was rather difficult.

I then went back for the horses, and, placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, I brought them to my coach by the same means. We set off, and drove on to an inn at the end of our stage.

I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very lively, and not above four years old. As I was making my second spring over the hedge, he showed great dislike to that violent kind of motion, by kicking and snorting. However, I imprisoned his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket.

After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves. He hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire ; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng ! tereng ! teng ! teng !* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and now came out by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver. So the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a number of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn.

*Adapted from Raspe's 'Travels of
Baron Münchhausen.'*

12. THUNDER KING—I

A Story from Western America

'Thunder King' was a black mustang (wild horse) which Sama Ree, an Indian, had captured and brought in from the prairie. Hal Merle, the young son of a ranch owner, had set his heart upon obtaining the horse for his own, but his father said that they could not afford to buy it, for times were hard. Hal, however, did not give up hope.

Words: inquired halter corral exhausted
 hesitated caress flags ranges

Find out:

- (1) What plan did Hal suggest to Sama?
- (2) How did Hal set about breaking in Thunder King? What success did he have?

One day Hal Merle went back to gaze at the beast of his dreams. He found Sama Ree at home.

'You buy?' inquired Sama brightly.

Hal shook his head. 'It isn't easy getting money out of Dad these days,' he answered; 'especially when the price you ask is more than any wild beast can be worth. But I'll tell you what, Sama: you let me ride the horse so that he gets to know me, then I can take him to the ranch, and perhaps Dad will make you an offer.'

The Indian hesitated. 'No man ever yet ride him but me,' he said. 'Him dangerous beast.'

Nevertheless, an hour or so later, the boy, mounted on a little pony, was leading the mustang off at the end of a halter towards a quiet hollow of the prairie. Thunder King was wild-eyed and snorting, but bit by bit he became used to the quiet stranger.

Well out of sight, with rolling uplands on every side, Hal drew rein, and began to caress and stroke his own pony, talking to her in a quiet voice. Soon the wild horse became interested. Hal took some dainty from his pocket, and gave it to his own pony. The tempting scent reached the nostrils of the mustang, and soon he too was munching at something which he had snatched nervously from the boy's hand. Hal touched his nostrils and the animal drew back, snorting.

Gently but firmly the boy continued his efforts ; at length Thunder King allowed Hal to rub the white star on his forehead. Then Hal lowered his face and breathed into the mustang's nostrils. So, that first day, boy and mustang came to know each other a little, and the wild beast no longer shrank back from the boy's touch.

Hal came every day after that, and at the end of the week Sama was amazed to see the mustang follow Hal into the corral without even a halter.



‘Then down went his head, and how he bucked!’

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'I think I'll ride him to-morrow,' remarked the boy, at which Sama was still more surprised, for he imagined that every day Hal had been struggling to master the mustang.

So next day Hal, gently but swiftly, slipped from his own saddle on to the bare back of the mustang. With one snort of terror Thunder King set off across the prairie in broadside leaps, the horse's back as stiff as a table; then down went his head, and how he bucked! He bucked at full gallop, he bucked standing still, bouncing like a glass marble on stone flags. Still the boy kept his seat, so with a scream Thunder King flung himself down and rolled.

Quick as the horse was, the boy was quicker. Hal landed on his feet, and quietly stood by while Thunder King rolled; then, as the animal leapt up, Hal slipped back to his place, and away they went once more in a wild stampede.

The best horses are not easily broken, and many an evening both boy and horse were exhausted when they returned to Sama's corral. Now, however, Hal never led the mustang, but left him to follow, and the animal had learned to come to the boy's call. For Hal, who loved his own freedom, understood the burden of even a halter to a beast born on the great open ranges.

13. THUNDER KING—II

Once more Hal tried to persuade his father to buy Thunder King from Sama, but again his father refused, saying that they could not afford to buy another horse.

Meanwhile Sama used Thunder King for long rides across the ranges, but the Indian knew little about the kind treatment of horses, and the mustang found him a bad master.

One day Hal, riding his little pony far from home, had a bad fall. The pony was killed, but the boy himself escaped unhurt. Night came on, and as Hal wandered hither and thither in search of a way home, he found Sama the Indian lying on the ground.

Words: accustomed stunted sage desperation

Find out:

- (1) What had happened to Sama?
- (2) In what danger did Hal find himself?
- (3) How was he saved?

There were hoofmarks all round, and Hal saw that the Indian wore spurs on which were dark stains. The truth was plain—Sama had been thrown by Thunder King and was dead!

Hal was about to leave the spot when he heard a long mournful cry. It seemed to fill the whole heavens. Wolves! A voice inside him seemed

to say, 'They have scented *you* ! It is *you* they are hunting !'

Hal looked about him. There was no escape. If the wolves were after him he could do no more than empty his revolver, then await his fate. It did not seem at that moment that his life was worth very much, out there in the purple shadows, so utterly alone.

Hallo, what was that ? Nearer and nearer it came, the thud of hoofs, rapid as the rumble of a kettle-drum. In an instant the truth dawned. A horse does not readily leave its dead master, even though it may not have loved him. It hangs about the place, as though afraid of facing the world alone when it has been so accustomed to having another to choose the way.

Hal clapped his hands and called—the long, shrill call that he had used for the horse he loved. Again he heard the howling of wolves, and he smiled the saddest of smiles, thinking that if it was Thunder King they were chasing, the wolves would have a long way to go before they caught him. Thunder King, with all the open ranges at his whirlwind hoofs !

Again he called, and again and again. He thought he saw Thunder King passing by in the deepening purple of the east ; then the shadow drew nearer, nearer.

At last, through the stunted sage, came Thunder King—a black ghost of the wind, mane and tail streaming wildly, a child of the deserts, rejoicing in his own power, for the sounds at his heels held no terror for him! He had heard Hal's cry, for he came straight up, then he began to circle round, shaking his glorious head and snorting, while nearer and nearer came the terrifying howls.

'Thunder King! Thunder King!' The boy held out his hands. He might have run out and tried, in his desperation, to catch the mustang, but a life spent among timid horses had taught the folly of such an action. Unless Thunder King came to him his chances were small, for the mustang was in no mood to stand still.

And yet, what was that look in the wild eyes? Did Thunder King understand Hal's danger? He was standing stock-still now, gazing in the direction of the howling wolves, snorting softly. Hal went softly up to him, quietly but firmly clutched the wild mane, and next moment was astride the glossy, silken back. Then they were off like the wind, saddleless, bridleless, for somehow Thunder King had managed to slip his bridle, as only a wild horse can. Faster, faster they went, the dust clouds rising far behind them.

All through that night Hal, with throbbing head, managed to keep his seat. When morning

came, he dismounted and washed at a stream ; he drank deeply of the cold water, and felt better.

This country was new to him, and for so far as he could see there was no sign of human dwelling, nothing but the unending purple sage ! In which direction they had been heading all night he had not the least notion, so that he was as completely and entirely lost as could be.

Anyway, there was nothing for it but to keep on riding in the hope that something would turn up. The chance seemed small, for their own ranch was thirty miles from anywhere, and to the west lay unbroken ranges.

14. THUNDER KING—III

Words: kindred astounded periods to prospect

Find out:

- (1) Where did Thunder King take Hal?
- (2) What surprising discovery did Hal make?

During that morning Hal became more and more certain that Thunder King was making for some place that he knew, perhaps for his own wild hills, where his own wild kindred lived, which

would be about as far from human dwelling as it was possible to get. Hal, however, had no say in the matter. If Thunder King knew the way even to *nowhere*, that was more than Hal knew !

Sundown made things clear, for just as Hal, completely exhausted, was about to drop, the mustang pulled up, and the boy saw before him a rough cabin, built into a bank. It was an Indian cabin, for this was an Indian trick to save the trouble of building a fourth wall.

Hal dismounted and knocked. Of course there was no answer. He noticed a pan lying by the door ; it was half filled with sand. Hal took the pan up. He was astounded at the weight of it, for the sand that it contained was not sand at all, but coarse, yellow gold-dust !

At this Hal's interest was properly aroused. Not ten yards away was the stream from which the dust had been washed. He went into the cabin ; it was well stocked with stores—flour, buckwheat, and the like. On the wall was a hunting-belt adorned with stained porcupine quills. Hal had seen that belt before : it was very like the one which he had often seen on Sama. Then there was the hunting-knife, with the brass stud sticking out from the fire-blackened handle. Hal recognised that too : it was Sama's !



'IT WAS NOT SAND, BUT COARSE, YELLOW GOLD-DUST'

Had Sama, then, come to this place? Was this Sama's cabin—here, back in the Wild? Was it here that he spent his time when he disappeared, sometimes for weeks—here, washing out gold from the tiny stream about which none but himself knew?

Bit by bit Hal began to solve the mystery. It was believed by all that Sama possessed great wealth, and here was the secret of it—an unclaimed gold-field!

Now Sama was dead. This gold-field had not been claimed; it belonged, therefore, to whoever found it—it belonged to Hal! By a trick of fate Hal had come to possess not only Thunder King, Sama's priceless mustang, but also Sama's gold-field! The boy was eager to go out and prospect the property, but wisely he decided first to make himself a square meal, then obtain a night's rest. Before that, however, he fed Thunder King, and made him comfortable in the rough shelter beside the cabin.

During the night Hal considered matters still further. If Thunder King was able to find the way here, he was also able to find the way back. Up till now Thunder King's jaunts had consisted of two journeys—the one out to this place, and the other back. Well, the horse had come here because his head was in this direction; surely, then,

after a day's rest he would take the homeward journey.

Next day Hal prospected the property. Here, indeed, was a fortune only asking to be worked. He gathered all the samples he could carry, and next morning, with enough food for several days, he rode away, leaving the black mustang to choose the trail.

After one night on the trail Hal began to recognise the road, and by midday next day he was home—home astride Thunder King !

* * *

‘The mustang’s mine now, Dad,’ said the boy, having told his story. ‘There isn’t any question about it, is there?’

‘The mustang!’ echoed his father, his eyes bright, for he was still unable to believe the boy’s story. ‘Do you understand, boy, what this find of yours means to us? I fancy one wild mustang doesn’t matter much, but—shake, Hal, shake!’

Yet to Hal the mustang mattered more than anything else on earth.

*From ‘Tameless and Swift,’ by
H. Mortimer Batten.*

15. A MID-DAY REST

An Australian Horseman speaks to his Horse

Lightly the breath of the spring-wind blows,
Though laden with faint perfume,
'Tis the fragrance rare that the bushman knows,
The scent of the wattle bloom.

Two-thirds of our journey at least are done,
Old horse ! let us take a spell
In the shade from the glare of the noon-day sun ;
Thus far we have travelled well.

Your bridle I'll slip, your saddle ungirth,
And lay them beside this log,
For you'll roll in that track of reddish earth,
And shake like a water dog.

Upon yonder rise there's a clump of trees—
Their shadows look cool and broad—
You can crop the grass as fast as you please
While I stretch my limbs on the sward.

'Tis pleasant, I ween, with a leafy screen
O'er the weary head, to lie
On the mossy carpet of emerald green,
'Neath the vault of the azure sky.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

16. WITH DRAKE ACROSS DARIEN

This story tells how, during one of his visits to the Spanish Main, Sir Francis Drake crossed the Isthmus of Darien, the narrow neck of land which connects Central America with South America. Drake and his companions were the first Englishmen to see the Pacific.

<i>Words:</i>	plumage	atmosphere	watershed
	sultry	tempests	swarmed

Find out:

- (1) About what did Drake and his men talk as they journeyed across the Isthmus of Darien?
- (2) What was Drake's prayer?

I

It was indeed a fairyland through which they travelled. The foliage was wonderful, juicy fruit hung from the trees, game bounded out of their path, flowers of the brightest hues and strongest perfumes grew on every side, while birds of brilliant plumage flew overhead.

On they went. The road rose gradually as they approached the mountain range, so they marched early and late and rested during the



noon-day heat. As they advanced, the air became keener and finer, and they left behind them the sultry atmosphere which had bred fever in their veins. The heavy perfume of the jungle gave way to the sweet scent of pines and wild-lime flowers; the crimson hibiscus¹ bloomed on all sides; while above their heads monkeys screamed and parrots chattered.

At night, as they sat round their camp fires beneath the giant tree-ferns and tall coco-palms, drinking in the deep soft breezes and watching the fireflies glimmer, songs of Devon and Dorset made the night merry; and after a final pipe (for all had taken to the Indian habit of smoking), they slept fast and sound.

¹ *hibiscus* (pron. hib-is-kus), a tree growing in southern America.

So they marched onwards and upwards, full of dash and daring and longing eagerly for the hour to come at which they might put their courage to the test. As they journeyed up the mountain slope, the talk was all of the great ocean that lay on the other side of the range.

'I have heard,' said one, 'that the sea on the other side is vaster than that which lies between England and the Americas, and there are such tempests on it that we Northerners cannot even fancy.'

'It may be,' replied another. 'At one time I should have doubted whether there was sea at all to the west of this vast land, but since I left Plymouth I have seen such sights that I can believe any marvel.'

''Tis no marvel, lad ; 'tis said to be a well-known fact that the Spaniards have ships that sail those seas.'

'Then England will soon have the same; for no Spaniard was ever born who could go where Drake would not follow,' declared the other, for Drake's men were proud of their leader.

At dawn, on the morning of 11th February, they struck camp and started their march. Very

soon, through the trees, it could be seen that there was no longer fold after fold of wooded hills in front, but just one brow a little ahead, the sky showing through the pines that clothed it. They had come to the watershed of the mountain range, and beyond that final rise, the rains that fell and the streams that flowed found their way not into the Atlantic but into a great ocean that no English eye had ever yet beheld.

‘Come, lads!’ said Drake. ‘By God’s grace, I believe a rare sight lies before us.’

They almost raced up the last slope, and, having reached the top of it, Pedro, a native guide, took Drake by the hand and led him to a big tree that towered high above its fellows. In the trunk were cut ladder-like steps, and up amongst the branches was built a platform where ten or a dozen men might stand.

‘’Tis our lookout station,’ explained Pedro. ‘Mount, Captain, and look before you.’

Like a true sailor, Drake swarmed up the steps; John Oxenham and several others of his men followed at his heels. Having gained the top, they looked westward. The day was clear: behind stretched the huge plain of the Atlantic; in front lay the mighty Pacific Ocean.

Drake stood staring for fully two minutes like one in a dream, not a word being spoken; then



‘Drake stood staring like one in a dream.’

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he removed his cap and fell upon his knees, the rest doing likewise.

'Almighty God,' he said, 'I thank Thee that Thou hast granted to me the fate of being the first Englishman to set eyes on this mighty Western Ocean, and I beseech Thee to give me life and health to sail an English ship upon that sea. And I do vow never to cease from attempting to do so, while Thou dost give me life. Amen.'

'Amen,' cried John Oxenham; 'and unless thou dost beat me from thy company, Frank, I swear never to leave thee till thou hast carried out thy purpose.'

'Done, John!' cried Drake, leaping to his feet and seizing Oxenham's hand. 'And now, lads, three hearty cheers for England, her Queen, and every lad of Devon and Dorset who follows us!' And three such cheers rang out as never before had been heard in that land of wonders.

*Adapted from Escott Lynn's
'Westward Ho! With Drake.'*

17. THE STORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Words: well-to-do apprenticed forbear bust

Find out:

- (1) What do we know about Shakespeare's early life?
- (2) Why is Shakespeare famous?
- (3) How does the world remember Shakespeare?

I

In the pleasant town of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, there might have been seen, upon many a sunny summer morning, a bright-eyed boy of nine or ten making his way to the grammar-school. The boy's name was William Shakespeare.

William's father was a well-to-do citizen of Stratford, and the boy had the best education that could be given him in the town.

Strange to say, we do not know much for certain about Shakespeare's early life. Some accounts tell us that after he left school he became a lawyer's clerk; others, that he was a school-master; again, we are told that he was apprenticed

to a butcher ; and yet again, that he was a printer. We do know, however, that he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a small farmer who lived in the parish of Stratford. Anne Hathaway's quaint thatched house and flowery garden are still to be seen there.

While he was still a young man, Shakespeare left his wife and family in Warwickshire, and went to London to try his fortune there.

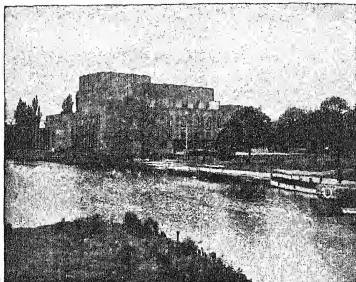
There is a story which says that, having been caught killing deer in a nobleman's park, he was punished. He took his revenge by writing some very bitter verses about the nobleman, and then, to escape harsher punishment, he fled from Stratford to London.

It may be, however, that Shakespeare, while he was still a young man, had talked with some of the actors who visited Stratford from time to time. Perhaps he felt that he could act himself, and even write plays for the theatre. He may have grown restless in his native town, and wished to find in London work that suited him.

2

Once in London, Shakespeare seems to have soon found what he wanted, since we are told that he became an actor at the Globe Theatre.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Fox Photos.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

We do not know, however, whether he was ever a success as an actor. Before long he began to employ his time by preparing the plays of other authors for acting, and then he took to writing plays of his own. These plays are among the best that the world has known, and they are still read and acted in nearly every country and in nearly every language.

Shakespeare's work at the Globe Theatre brought him wealth. He became the owner of theatres in London, and after a time he was able to buy New Place, then the best house in Stratford. Besides,

he bought other houses and land in and about his native town.

So Shakespeare came back to Warwickshire, and took his old father and mother to live with him and his family. No doubt he lived the life of a contented, well-to-do English gentleman, now and again sending a play up to London to be acted, and known always amongst his friends as a gentle, kindly, cheerful, honest man.

Shakespeare died when he was fifty-three years old. He is buried in the parish church at Stratford, with a flat stone above him, on which are carved the words :

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Over the tomb there is a bust of Shakespeare, placed there not long after his death ; it is said to be a good likeness of the great writer.

The house where Shakespeare is supposed to have been born is shown in Stratford, but it is not quite certain whether this, or the house next door to it, was his birthplace ! On the bank of the Avon stands the beautiful Memorial Theatre which has been built in memory of him. Here, each April, well-known actors gather to perform in his plays.

The church where Shakespeare lies buried, his birthplace, and the Memorial Theatre are visited by hundreds of people from every country in the world. In such a way is the name of this man, perhaps the greatest of England's sons, honoured and beloved. His memory, like his works, will never die, because he was, as has been truly said, 'not for an age, but for all time.'

Dorothy King.

18. POEMS BY SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's plays are written mostly in the form of poetry. Here are some pieces taken from his plays.

I

ARIEL'S SONG

Ariel is a sprite. He sings this song when he is about to be set free after being kept a prisoner.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;

In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest.

II

I KNOW A BANK

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

III

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Orpheus, a hero of the tales of ancient Greece, was famed for the wonder-working power of his music.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing ;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,

Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Henry VIII.

19. RAJAH BHOJE—I

A Tale from India

<i>Words:</i>	moisture	victim	hoopoo
	jasmine	devoured	tribute

Find out:

- (1) Who was Rajah Bhoje?
- (2) What did he do to show his importance?

In a certain province in India there is an ancient tree that shades a little pool of water even in the hottest and driest season. There is always water to be found there, and the beasts of the jungle and the birds can be sure of finding cool water to quench their thirst, when all other places are dry. The leaves of this tree grow thick and its shade is deep, for not only are the roots built about with earth and stone to keep in the moisture, but they reach down towards the spring of bubbling water that rises in the middle of the pool.

On the stones at the foot of the tree there was placed, very long ago, a stone idol. It has been deserted for many years. No one passes that way. No one lays offerings of jasmine on it, for the place is lonely. Besides, it has earned the evil name of being visited by a tiger that kills men.



'THE JACKAL NOW FELT HIMSELF TO BE TRULY GREAT'

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The place is the haunt of a lonely Jackal, who had been cast out of the pack to which he belonged because of his great conceit and his unpleasant ways. He decided to make this place his home and the idol his throne, and to give himself importance he named himself Rajah Bhoje.

Not content with naming himself, the Jackal hunted about for something that might show his worth to any animal who came down to the pool to drink. There were many such animals, for the rains were late in coming, and the other pools visited by the thirsty jungle folk had dried up.

In his search the Jackal discovered a pair of shoes that had been cast away, or, more probably, had belonged to a victim devoured by the tiger who was said to live near the ancient tree. These shoes he picked up and carried off to his place of abode ; he hung one of them on his ear, and into the other he thrust his front paw.

Leaning against the stone idol, the Jackal now felt himself to be truly great, and so filled was he with his importance that he would let neither beast nor bird drink from his pool of water until they had bowed low before him and repeated the following words :

On a throne of ivory
Covered with gold
With pearls in his ears
Sits the noble Rajah Bhoje.

Rather than argue about such a foolish matter when they were tired and thirsty, all the beasts and birds repeated the words demanded of them by the Jackal before quenching their thirst. The tiger said them, the elephant said them, and the buffaloes and the timid deer who came with them to drink said them too ; so did the crows and the hoopoo and even the proud peacock. The Jackal was flattered and delighted to receive the tribute from all the jungle folk.

20. RAJAH BHOJE—II

Words: shrivelled insisted gratitude consented salaam

Find out:

- (1) In what way did the Lizard behave differently from the other animals?
- (2) What did Rajah Bhoje do in return?

One day a great blue-headed Lizard came to the water's brink. He was so thirsty that he could hardly drag himself along ; and his skin was shrivelled for want of moisture. On his approach to the pool he had failed to notice the Jackal.

Just as he was stooping to drink, Rajah Bhoje called out 'Stay, Brother! There is tribute to pay to the honourable owner of this water. I cannot permit thee to drink until thou hast said these words.'

On a throne of ivory
Covered with gold
With pearls in his ears
Sits the noble Rajah Bhoje.'

The unhappy Lizard had just enough strength to raise his head and gasp, 'O Jackal, I am too thirsty. I cannot say all that; let me but moisten my tongue first.'

'I cannot permit thee even that,' snapped the lordly Jackal. 'I must have my tribute.'

'Let me drink,' pleaded the Lizard. 'I shall die without a drink of water, then where is thy tribute?'

'No!' insisted Rajah Bhoje. 'All the animals and birds are respectful and salute me before drinking from my pool of water, and *thou* art only a Lizard! Why should I pardon thee? Thou too must say what I command thee.'

'Only one sip, I pray thee, my King, and then I will say anything to show my gratitude and respect.'

The Jackal, seeing that it was quite useless to argue further with the miserable Lizard, at last

consented ; indeed, the creature was so wasted for want of water and so weak that he felt he could not press the matter. ‘Just one sip—only one sip,’ he said. ‘I am a merciful Rajah and have pity on my slaves. Remember I am a noble Prince and come of a great family.’ The Lizard lowered his head and drank and drank.

‘Stop ! Stop ! Enough !’ shouted Rajah Bhoje. ‘I said one sip—stop !’ Still the Lizard drank on until he had fully quenched his thirst and could drink no more.

‘Now, O Jackal,’ he said, pretending to salaam, ‘I will pay such tribute to thee as is worthy of thy great state :

On a stone bespattered with mud,
A dirty old Shoe on his ear,
Sits a wicked Jackal who calls himself
Rajah Bhoje.’

The Lizard having delivered this scornful speech flipped his tail and made off into the jungle with the furious Jackal after him.



21. RAJAH BHOJE—III

Words: compelled accordingly instantly
 fugitive boulder

Find out:

- (1) Where did the Lizard take refuge? How did he escape?
- (2) How did the chase finish?

The Lizard was far from home, for he had travelled a long way that day, and in his race for safety he saw the Jackal fast gaining on him. On and on they ran, until the Jackal was so close behind the Lizard that the latter was compelled to seek refuge in a silk-cotton tree. He was just in time to scramble up the tall trunk and run along a branch, when the Jackal came up. There was the Lizard hiding behind one of the large pods of the crimson flowers.

‘Come down, you villain,’ panted the Jackal.

‘Oh, oh, Rajah Bhoje! Thou hast lost thy old shoes,’ mocked the Lizard. ‘Go back for thy treasures. You will have plenty of time, for I am going to rest myself up here for half a year.’

Rajah Bhoje howled with anger and with disappointed rage. ‘No, I will sit here and wait for a year if need be,’ he cried.

So the Lizard peeped down through the waxed red pods and the soft white tufts of silk cotton, and the Jackal gazed up. After a while when the sun streamed into his eyes he blinked, and his neck ached. He saw the Lizard up on the branch, resting so comfortably and, as he thought, fast asleep. Accordingly, Rajah Bhoje, thinking it was quite safe, lay down too, and rested his chin on his paws. Presently he closed his eyes, and, being tired after his long chase, he too fell asleep. By and by the Jackal began to breathe heavily, then to snore, and after a while he talked in his sleep.

Now the Lizard saw all this, for he had been only pretending to sleep. He listened to the silly words that the Jackal uttered, and decided that it would be quite safe to risk getting down and making off to his hole. He crept down the trunk and ran along a low branch, and at the end of it he leaped to the ground with a heavy thud. The Jackal was instantly awake, and the chase began all over again.

This time the Lizard felt sure that he could reach his home in safety, for the Jackal had lost a good few seconds in looking round to see which way the fugitive had taken. Faster and faster ran the Lizard, but his legs were short and not meant for racing. There was the Jackal steadily gaining on him. Indeed he was so close behind him now

that he could hear him drawing in his rapid breath; and when the Lizard was within half a finger of his hole, under a large grey boulder, wherein all his family lay safely, he felt the snap of the Jackal's teeth on his tail. Rajah Bhoje had caught him and was trying to drag him backwards.

'Stop!' cried the Lizard, digging his claws in the earth. 'I have something to say to thee.'

'Hum?' inquired the Jackal, who could not speak plainly because he held the tail of the Lizard in his mouth.

'O my King,' repeated the Lizard, 'I have a question to ask.'

'Hum?' again growled the Jackal.

'How is it, O son of Kings, that thou sayest *Hum* when truly great folk, such as thou art, say *Gee-hahn*? Speak, Rajah Bhoje.'

'*Gee-hahn*,' answered the Jackal, thinking of his noble family.

Now to say *Gee-hahn* the Jackal had to open his mouth, whereas to say *Hum* he had only to grunt through his nose. At the moment when the Jackal's teeth slackened their hold the Lizard whisked his tail free and darted into the safety of his hole. And there he related his narrow escape from the wicked Jackal who had named himself Rajah Bhoje.

K. Compton.

22. CHRISTMAS FARE

I

As Joseph was A-waukin'

Several of the words in this beautiful old carol may seem strange to you. *A-waukin'* means 'lying awake' or 'keeping watch'; *mould* means 'earth.'

As Joseph was a-waukin',
He heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be the birth-night
Of Christ our Heavenly King.

'His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

'He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

'He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

'He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair, white linen
That usen babies all.'

As Joseph was a-waukin',
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

II

Christmas Abroad

Words: barge quays procession homage

Find out:

- (1) How does 'Santa Claus' come to Holland?
- (2) How do Swiss children keep Christmas?
- (3) What are the Christmas customs of Hungary?

The Dutch begin their Christmas season much earlier than people in other lands, for in Holland it is on the 5th of December, the Eve of St Nicholas, that old and young exchange presents. On this day, too, St Nicholas himself, adorned in the fine and colourful robes of a Spanish bishop, makes his entry into Amsterdam.

He comes up the river by barge, seated on a

beautiful white horse. Bags of sweets are showered on the children who line the quays to watch the procession on the water. Then, when the horse with its rider comes ashore, it is led through the main streets of the town by an attendant, who is quaintly dressed as a Spanish soldier and bears the name of 'Black Pete.'

Wherever you go over the Continent, you find that the children play the biggest part in the keeping of Christmas. In Switzerland, boys and girls in the mountain villages dress up in long white robes and queerly-painted head-dresses and wander through the streets ringing hand-bells. Each procession is led by the beloved figure of Santa Claus, and the children claim little gifts at the houses which they visit.

In Hungary village children play the kings and the shepherds who travelled to Bethlehem to pay their homage to the Christ Child. Every house and farm is visited after dusk on Christmas Day, and the young actors are rewarded with cakes and home-made wines.

In this corner of Europe it is also a custom to keep candles burning day and night for about a week. This is a simple act of worship to keep in mind the new light that came over the earth when Christ was born.

James Worth.

23. ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY AIR

Miss Amy Johnson was the first woman to fly across the Atlantic. We must imagine that we are going with her on her great flight, and that we have been waiting for fair weather for starting.

Words: variable defiance vultures
 perpetual simplicity reveals

Find out:

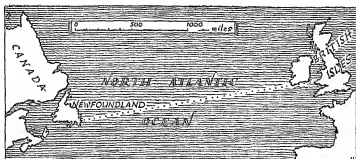
- (1) Are we flying *from* America or *to* America?
Give your reason for your answer.
- (2) About how long does the crossing take? How
can you tell?

I

At last comes a report that the winds are light and variable. Low cloud and mist are present, but we are most concerned with the winds. We decide to take off.

We have chosen a beach with a seven-mile run over smooth, hard sand. Above us the sun shines, but ahead are black clouds and fog hiding the coast-line of Ireland, which should be our guide for the beginning of the flight.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY AIR



After a few minutes of tight-held breath and throats dry as sawdust, the plane lifts. Turning to seek the coast-line, we run into swirling clouds of mist, spray, and low cloud. Missing a cliff by inches, we climb carefully, and come out at last above the clouds into a new world, a wilderness of blue sky staring at a marble floor. We seem to be hanging between the two.

So we go on, hour after hour after weary hour. Only our air-speed indicator, which shows a speed of a hundred miles an hour, tells us that we are moving, and the passage of the sun over our heads that the day is running its natural course. Of the restless waves of the Atlantic far below us we see nothing.

The sun drops towards the far horizon. It disappears, making us more lonely than before as it takes from us its cheerful face, yet leaves behind light enough to fade the friendly twinkling stars. For we are now very far north, away north of the

shipping route, on the fringe of the summer region of perpetual daylight.

Wisps of cloud float in front of us and are cut, like paper, by our propellers. As though in defiance, the wisps get together, and grow thicker, until they form a large angry cloud blocking our way. Plunging into its depths, we climb steadily, eyes fixed on the flickering figures on our instrument board.

Hours and hours pass, with nothing to do but keep the compass on its course and the plane on a level keel. This sounds simple enough, but its very simplicity becomes a danger when your head keeps nodding with weariness and your eyes are trying to shut out the confusing rows of figures in front of you. Tired of trying to sort them out, you forget them for a second, then your head drops and you sit up with a jerk. Where are you? What are you doing here? Oh yes, of course, you are somewhere in the middle of the North Atlantic, with hungry waves below you waiting like vultures.

2

At last the dawn really comes. The sky lightens slowly, very slowly, and reveals a scene of loneliness hard to beat. A ceiling of pale sky drops down to join a flat white floor, very like a giant's

pudding-basin clapped upside down on a layer of dough. Like a fly caught inside, we are trapped within its walls, and there seems no escape, no beginning and no end.

Suddenly the floor below us is cut away, and we have a strange feeling that we are going over the edge of the world. It is only the rim of the cloud layer, really the famed and dreaded Newfoundland fog-banks, over which we have been flying for many hours.

We can now see, for the first time since leaving the coast, the gleam of water thousands of feet below. Straining our eyes, we peer into the dim distance in search of land. We see strange outlines which look like small white islands when the sun touches them, and only as we draw nearer do we discover that they are icebergs. Soon the water is littered with lumps of drifting ice, like a huge bath strewn with soap-flakes.

Flying low down, we have a glorious feeling of speed and movement, now that we have objects to flash past our wings and leave behind. At last we see land ahead—bleak and barren. A forced landing on its rocks would be fully as hopeless as in the waters below, but it is land, hard, firm, real land, and we are satisfied. We have crossed the North Atlantic.

Amy Johnson.

24. THE BITER BIT

A Pirate Play in Six Scenes

About two centuries ago many bold sea-rovers lived at the expense of peaceful traders whose ships they plundered. One of the best-known pirates was John Avery.

The People in the Play—

JOHN AVERY, first mate of the *Duke*. A rather short fat man, with a jolly face.
WILL TUCKER, bo'sun of the *Duke*.

SILAS PECK, first mate of the *Duchess*.
MR ADAMS, a merchant in Bideford.
CAPTAIN BUDD.
CAPTAIN WALKER.

Other sailors, sergeant of dragoons, soldiers.

<i>Words:</i>	directors	interfere	dragoons
	pilgrims	scuttle	congratulate

SCENE I

Year, 1694. A tavern in Bristol. AVERY, TUCKER, PECK, and a few sailors are seated round a table, talking and drinking ale.

AVERY [*heartily*]: Now, my good fellows, just listen to me. You all know why we have come here. It is because we are tired of working while

other folks make all the profit. Why should we starve on salt meat and biscuit to fill the pockets of fat directors in London or Bristol here?

SILAS PECK : Starving seems to have done you small harm anyway, Jack !

[The sailors laugh.]

AVERY *[laughing and patting his stomach]* : Well, that's because I've known how to take care of myself. And now I'm going to take care of you lads, too. *[He pauses to take a drink at his ale.]* Now, out in the harbour there *[pointing]* lies the *Duke*, as trim a craft as I ever clapped eyes on, with thirty guns and a hundred men. That ship, in the right hands—mark you, I say in the right hands—could be mighty useful. I've sailed from here to India and back again many a time, and I know there's many a lucky prize to be picked up in the East if only one is prepared to take a few risks. And off the east coast of Africa there's an island called Madagascar, where a man that's made his money could live like a king, and no questions asked. Why, I remember when I was a young shaver of twenty—

WILL TUCKER : Aye, that's all right, Jack, but let's get down to the business. We all know we're going a-pirating, and as for taking chances, there's not a man here that would not throw his best friend overboard for a handful of gold pieces.

[*A few of the sailors laugh.*] What's the plan? That's what we want to know.

AVERY [*speaking softly*]: Well, listen. At twelve o'clock to-morrow night the tide will be right for weighing anchor. Silas Peck here is going to row over with sixteen men from the *Duchess*. That's right, isn't it, Silas?

SILAS P.: Aye, sixteen, counting myself.

AVERY: With twenty-one men who are here from the *Duke*, that makes thirty-seven; and if thirty-seven men can't handle the *Duke*, I'm not a sailor.

A SAILOR: What about the rest of the crew?

ANOTHER SAILOR: Aye, and the captain and the second mate?

AVERY: I reckon you can leave them to me: John Avery makes no mistakes. The *Duke's* as good as ours if——

SEVERAL SAILORS: Aye, if what?

AVERY [*firmly*]: If every mother's son among you sees to it that his tongue does not wag before midnight to-morrow.

[*The others crowd round AVERY, patting his shoulder.*]

VARIOUS SAILORS: I'm with you, Jack!—It's a bargain, Jack!—Good old John Avery!

SCENE II

A year later. In the cabin of the Fanny, off the Isle of Madagascar ; CAPTAIN AVERY seated at a table ; SILAS PECK, first mate, and WILL TUCKER, second mate, standing opposite him.

AVERY [*cheerily*] : Well, Will, what's the trouble?

WILL T. : 'Tis this, Cap'n, to make no bones about it, that the men are discontented.

AVERY [*still cheery*] : What, discontented—after all I've done for them? Did we not start out with one ship, and have we not now got three? And as for ourselves, we have the *Fanny* instead of the old *Duke*, and I'll wager the *Fanny* can show a clean pair of heels to any ship in these seas! Besides, haven't I brought you all to Madagascar here, where we have nought to do but sit around all day, with half a hundred slaves to wait on us?

SILAS P. : Aye, Cap'n, that's just the trouble. The men are tired of sitting round doing nothing : they want to be using these fine ships of yours, and laying hands on that gold and silver you used to talk so much about.

AVERY [*sighing*] : Ah well, I must say this life is greatly to my liking. Still, let it never be said that Jack Avery's crew wasn't happy! [*Rising and banging his fist on the table*] Tell the men

we 'll sail for the coast of India with the first breeze. This is about the time of the year when the Grand Mogul sends his treasure-ships to Arabia with pilgrims for the holy city of Mecca. Could we pick up one of these, our lads would never grumble again. Get the ship ready, Silas. Will, you have the captains of the *Duke* and the *Myrtle* come and see me as soon as they can.

SILAS P. and WILL T. : Aye, aye, Cap'n !

SCENE III

Three weeks later. CAPTAIN AVERY's cabin aboard the Fanny, somewhere in the Arabian Gulf. CAPTAIN AVERY, CAPTAIN BUDD of the Duke, CAPTAIN WALKER of the Myrtle, SILAS PECK and WILL TUCKER, are gathered round a large wooden sea-chest, peering into it. As the curtain rises they turn away and seat themselves round the table.

AVERY : Well, lads, we've done it ! There's enough treasure in that chest, to say nought of what's on the *Duke* and the *Myrtle*, to make us all rich men, once we get home. [*He looks over at CAPTAIN BUDD, who sits drumming his fingers on the table.*] Why, what ails you, Pete ? You look

as though you 'd *lost* a treasure instead of having found one !

CAPT. BUDD [*gloomily*] : We 're not home yet.

WILL T. : Not home ! Of course we 're not ! But what of it ? We soon will be.

CAPT. BUDD : So *you* think [*suddenly becoming angry*]. Whose ship was it that we captured ? Tell me that !

WILL T. : Why, the Grand Mogul's, of course.

CAPT. BUDD : Aye, the Grand Mogul's. Do you not think that he will send a whole fleet after us, to capture us and hang us all from the yard-arm ?

CAPT. WALKER : Aye, and there's the East India Company, too ! They 'll be after our blood, sure enough, for interfering with their heathen friends !

AVERY [*smiling*] : Well, and what of it ? The *Fanny* can outsail any ship in these seas.

CAPT. BUDD : The *Fanny*, yes, but what of us aboard the *Duke* ?

CAPT. WALKER : And the *Myrtle* ? You 'll be safe enough, but we 'll be caught with our treasure.

AVERY [*pretends to be thinking*] : Well, if that's all that you fear, there's nought for it but to put all the treasure aboard my ship. Then if we're chased, we 'll scatter and meet later. If either of you is caught, why, you're innocent traders with nothing to fear !

CAPT. BUDD [*thinking deeply and stroking his chin*] : Not a bad plan, Captain Avery, not a bad plan. It suits me.

AVERY : What say you, Walker ?

CAPT. WALKER : A sound plan, in truth. Where shall we meet ?

SILAS P. : Providence in the Bahamas. I know the place well. The harbour there is good, and no one will interfere.

AVERY : Right ; then you can send the treasure aboard to-night, and we'll call that settled.

[*He rises and shakes hands with CAPTAIN BUDD and CAPTAIN WALKER, who go out. AVERY sits back in his chair and laughs loudly.*]

SILAS P. [*surprised*] : What's the matter, Cap'n ?

AVERY : Matter ! Nought is the matter. Only that as soon as we get that treasure aboard we'll be off to Providence as fast as wind can take us, and we'll have all the treasure for ourselves !

[*SILAS and WILL stare at him amazed, then they laugh and slap him on the back.*]

WILL T. : Upon my soul, Cap'n ! You're the craftiest pirate that ever sailed the seas !

SILAS P. [*as he and WILL go out*] : So he is ! So he is ! Jack Avery certainly knows how to look after his men !

AVERY [*alone, suddenly serious*] : Aye, and John Avery knows how to look after himself, too !

SCENE IV

Six months later. CAPTAIN AVERY's cabin aboard the Fanny, in the harbour of Providence, Bahamas. The treasure is being shared out, and the last few men are filing past the Captain's table. Each receives a bag of gold and silver, which is handed to AVERY from the chests behind by SILAS PECK and WILL TUCKER. The men, after receiving their share, crowd round the doorway, most of them outside.

AVERY [*giving out the last bag*]: There now, lads, that's the lot! That's fifty-six bags of gold and silver. Silas, Will and I weighed them out ourselves, every piece of them, didn't we?

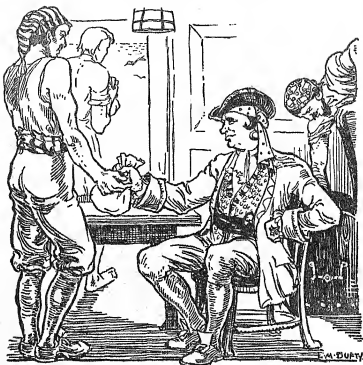
SILAS P. and WILL T.: Aye, Cap'n, that we did!

AVERY: You can weigh them for yourselves and you'll find there's not an ounce of difference. And here's mine [*holding up a bag and dropping it on the table*]; the same as all the rest.

A SAILOR: 'Tis noble of you, Cap'n, to share and share alike with us all, but we do think, my mates and I, you ought to have a double share, seeing you managed the whole affair.

OTHER SAILORS: That's right! Hear, hear! So he should!

AVERY: Nay, lads, I couldn't have done any-



thing without you to back me up. I always like to treat my men as they deserve. And now I've got to say good-bye to you lads. Right sorry I am to do it, but every ship in the King's navy must be on the watch for us now. There's only one thing to do : we must scuttle the *Fanny*, and each of us must look out for himself. It shouldn't be hard to pick up a ship for America, or even England, if you like to risk it.

SILAS P. : Three cheers for Cap'n Avery !

[*They all cheer heartily.*]

AVERY : Thank ye, men ! Thank ye ! And good luck to you all ! [*All go out except AVERY. From a pocket in his coat he takes out a small bag, and peers into it.*] It 's lucky none of them ever clapped eyes on this bag of diamonds. There 's more wealth in this little bag, I reckon, than in all the rest of the treasure put together. [*Looks up and laughs.*] 'The craftiest pirate that ever sailed the seas !'

SCENE V

Three years later. The office of MR ADAMS, merchant of Bideford. MR ADAMS at a table. Enter CAPTAIN AVERY.

MR ADAMS : Well, Captain, and what can I do for you ? Pray be seated.

[*AVERY sits.*]

AVERY : I came to ask a little favour of you, Master Adams. Smith 's my name—Cap'n Jack Smith, late of the *Crescent* out of Falmouth, one hundred tons. Some three years ago I did a voyage to the Indies on my own account, and did pretty well by myself, I can tell you. Since then I 've been knocking about the world a bit, enjoying

myself, as you might say, and what with one thing and another, the profits are all gone——

MR ADAMS [*sharply*] : And now you want me to lend you some money. Well, I'm sorry, Captain, but it's no use. I haven't a pound to spare.

AVERY : I say my profits are all gone—except for this. [*Pulls out his bag of diamonds and pours them out on to the table. MR ADAMS picks them up and looks amazed.*] These were given to me by an Indian prince whose life I saved off the coast of Ceylon.

MR ADAMS [*suddenly polite*] : Of course, when I say I haven't any money, I don't mean to say I couldn't get any. Some of my friends might be willing to help. Er—how much were you thinking of selling your diamonds for, Captain Smith?

AVERY : Ten thousand pounds. I know something about stones, mark you, and there's thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds there, or I'm a Dutchman. But you can have them for ten thousand, for I need the money, and that's the truth.

MR ADAMS : Ten thousand pounds is a lot of money, but I'll talk with some friends and see what we can do. Of course we should have to examine the stones. Suppose I give you fifty pounds now, and you leave the diamonds with me, and come back in three days' time?

AVERY : Well, it's a lot to leave behind, but I know these stones, for many's the time I've looked them over, and I'm sure, Mr Adams, you wouldn't rob an honest merchant.

MR ADAMS : Of course not, Captain, of course not. Believe me, I shall guard your stones as though they were my own.

AVERY : Right, then I shall return here in three days.

SCENE VI

Three days later. MR ADAMS's office at Bideford.

MR ADAMS *at his table as before.* Enter AVERY.

AVERY : Good day to you, sir, I've come for my ten thousand pounds.

MR ADAMS : Your ten thousand pounds? Oh! the money for the diamonds, I suppose you mean?

AVERY : Why, of course! What else could I mean?

MR ADAMS [*coolly*] : But are you sure they are *your* diamonds?

AVERY [*playfully*] : Of course, they're mine. [*Growing serious*] Didn't I tell you they were given to me by an Indian prince for saving his life off the coast of Ceylon?

MR ADAMS : And *I* think, *Captain Avery*, that those same diamonds were stolen from a ship belonging to the Grand Mogul in the Gulf of Arabia.

AVERY [*looking startled*] : What ? [*In a hoarse whisper*] How did you know ?

MR ADAMS : Know ? Why, it would be difficult not to know, when news of your crimes has been made known to every port in this kingdom, and the Lords Justices and the East India Company have put a reward of one thousand pounds on your head ! Besides, *Captain Avery*, there is no such ship as the *Crescent*, out of Falmouth, and never has been.

AVERY [*furiously*] : You black-hearted scoundrel, are you trying to rob me ? Master Adams, I've made better men than you walk the plank many a time, and if you think that you're going to get away with thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds by a scurvy trick like this, you're very much mistaken. You'll be hearing from me again ! Good day to you ! [*Marches to the door, where he is pulled up sharp by a sergeant of dragoons and three soldiers, who have just appeared.*]

AVERY : What——?

SERGEANT : John Avery, I arrest you in the King's name, on a charge of piracy on the high seas ! [*Soldiers seize AVERY. He struggles for a moment, looking round for some way of escape, then*

suddenly his anger drops from him, and he becomes his old cheery self again.]

AVERY [*laughing*]: Well, Mr Adams, I congratulate you. You've outsailed the craftiest pirate that ever sailed the seas! [*Turning back as the soldiers lead him out*] You may keep the few stones I gave you: I shan't need them on the gallows.

CURTAIN

T. Kelly.





25. THE LAST BUCCANEER

The Buccaneers were pirates who, in days of old, plundered the rich treasure-ships and treasure-cities of the Spanish Main, that part of America about the Gulf of Mexico.

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's
rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks
as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again,
As the pleasant Isle of Avès,¹ beside the Spanish
Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both
swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons
round about ;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair
and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally.

¹ *Avès*, pronounce Ah-ves.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his
 hoards of plate and gold,
 Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian
 folk of old ;
 Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as
 hard as stone,
 Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them
 to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that
 shone like gold,
 And the colibris¹ and parrots they were gorgeous
 to behold ;
 And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast
 did flee,
 To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from
 sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward
 breeze,
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the
 trees,
 With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to
 the roar
 Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never
 touched the shore.

¹ *Colibris* (kol-ee-breeze), humming-birds.

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things
 must be ;
 So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put
 down were we.
 All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst
 the booms at night,
 And I fled in a piragua,¹ sore wounded, from the
 fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass
 beside,
 Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young
 thing she died ;
 But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England here, to beg
 until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't
 tell where ;
 One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be
 worse off there ;
 If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the
 main,
 To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to see it once
 again.

Charles Kingsley.

¹ *piragua* (pee-rah-gwa), a flat-bottomed boat.

26. THE TIDAL WAVE—I

A Story of Japan

This story tells of the heroic deed of Hamaguchi, the head-man of a coast village in old-time Japan. Even before it, Hamaguchi was greatly respected by the villagers, who called him *Ojisan*, which means 'grandfather.'

Words: preparations festooned ebb
 celebrate peasants occurred

Find out:

- (1) Where was Hamaguchi's house? Where was the village? Make a sketch of the scene.
- (2) What strange thing happened to the sea?
- (3) What did the villagers do?

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the edge of a small table-land overlooking a bay. The table-land, which was mostly covered with rice-fields, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded hills. From its outer edge the land sloped down, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water.

Ninety thatched dwellings and a temple, which made up the village, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed straggling up the

slope for some distance on either side of the road leading to Hamaguchi's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the people were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the temple.

The old man could see the banners fluttering above the roofs of the village street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the temple, and the brightly coloured gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten, for the rest of his household had gone early to the village.

The day had been hot ; and in spite of the rising breeze there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, so the peasants of Japan say, at certain seasons comes before an earthquake.

Presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody ; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, for it was a long, slow, spongy motion. The house crackled and rocked gently several times ; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased, Hamaguchi's keen old eyes turned in fear towards the village, and it

chanced that he became aware of something unusual in the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed it too. Although no one had felt the motion of the ground, all seemed to be amazed at the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it.

No such ebb had occurred on that coast as long as any living person could remember. Things never seen before were appearing now ; unknown spaces of ribbed sand and stretches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed.

None of the people below seemed to guess what that great ebb meant. Hamaguchi himself had never seen such a thing before, but he remembered things told to him in childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the tales of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do.

Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of another temple, which stood on the hill behind, to sound their big bell. It would take very much longer to tell what he thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson, 'Tada ! —quick—very quick ! Light me a torch !'



'HAMAGUCHI BEGAN TO APPLY THE TORCH TO THE RICE-STACKS'

27. THE TIDAL WAVE—II

Words: tinder peril coursing kite

Find out:

- (1) In what strange manner did Hamaguchi act?
- (2) What was the result of his action?

The child kindled a torch at once; and Hamaguchi hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood waiting to be carted away.

The old man began to apply the torch to the rice-stacks, hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the sea-breeze blew the blaze landward, and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame and sent up columns of smoke, which met and mingled into one great cloudy whirl.

Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying 'Ojisan! Why are you doing that? Why? Why?'

Hamaguchi did not answer. He had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child

stared wildly at the blazing rice ; then he burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad.

Hamaguchi went on kindling stack after stack, till he reached the edge of his fields ; then he threw down his torch, and waited.

The priests of the temple on the hill, seeing the blaze, set the big bell booming ; and the people, hearing it and seeing the fire too, began to flock up the hill. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands, and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarm of ants.

The moments seemed terribly long to him, but really he did not have very long to wait before a score of young peasants arrived. They wanted to attack the fire at once, but Hamaguchi, holding out both arms, stopped them.

‘ Let it burn ! ’ he commanded. ‘ I want the whole village here. There is great danger.’

The whole village was coming, and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and most of the more active women and girls ; then came most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children. Old people who were too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep slope.

The crowd looked in sorrowful wonder, now at

the flaming fields, now at the stern face of Hamaguchi. And the sun went down.

'Grandfather is mad: I am afraid of him!' sobbed Tada. 'He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!'

'The child tells the truth,' cried Hamaguchi. 'I set fire to the rice. Are all the people here?'

The heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and replied, 'All are here, or very soon will be. But we cannot understand this thing.'

'Look!' shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open sea. 'Say now if I am mad!'

Through the twilight all looked eastward. They saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadow of a coast where no coast ever was. The line thickened as they gazed, for that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.



28. THE TIDAL WAVE—III

Words: destruction sacrifice tablet

Find out:

- (1) Why had Hamaguchi set fire to the rice?
- (2) How was he rewarded for his action?

At first the people shrieked, then all shrieks and sounds were drowned by a shock heavier than any thunder. The huge swell struck the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

For an instant nothing could be seen but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud ; and the people scattered back in terror. When they looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raging over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, each time with less force ; then it returned to its old bed and stayed there, still raging, as after a storm.

For a time there was no word spoken. All stared in silence at the destruction beneath. The village was no longer there ; the greater part of the fields had gone ; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there was nothing to be seen except two straw roofs tossing madly in the waters.



At last the voice of Hamaguchi was heard, saying gently, '*That was why I set fire to the rice.*'

He now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest, for his wealth was gone ; but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice.

Little Tada ran to him and asked his forgiveness for having said cruel things. Then all the people saw how Hamaguchi's unselfish act had

saved them, and they bowed themselves in the dust before him.

The old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, partly because he was aged and weak and sorely tried. 'My house remains,' he said, as soon as he could find words, 'and there is room for many. Also the temple on the hill stands; there is shelter there for the others.'

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

When better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi. They could not make him rich; nor would he have allowed them to do so, even if it had been possible. So they declared him a god, thinking they could give him no greater honour.

When they rebuilt the village, they set up a temple in his honour, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in letters of gold.

How Hamaguchi felt about it I cannot say. I only know that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill as before. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple still stands, and the people still pray to the spirit of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

*Adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's
'Gleanings in Buddha Fields.'*



29. THE CHERRY TREE

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland side
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three-score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

A. E. Housman.





The paper, which he sold on the train, was, so we are told, 'a little bit of a thing, about the size of a lady's handkerchief.' Young 'Al,' as he was called, got the scraps of news for it by telegraph, a new invention in which he was very interested.

At home, when work was over for the day, Edison found time to study science, electricity, and the telegraph. He and a boy friend fixed up telegraph lines between their houses, and got a good deal of fun, as well as practice, in sending and receiving messages.

One day young Edison, at a great risk to his own life, rescued the infant son of a station-master from almost under the wheels of a goods train. The station-master was a telegraph operator, and to show his thanks to young Edison he gave the boy lessons in telegraphy. At the end of three months Al knew as much about the subject as his teacher did.

From the age of eighteen, for nearly ten years, Edison led a wandering life in many cities of the United States. He earned his living as a telegraph operator, but in his spare time he was always making experiments in science, and working out inventions. 'Through all his wanderings,' we are told, 'he never lost sight of his one great aim—to be a successful inventor.'

When he was still a young man he obtained a post as manager in an office in New York. He opened a workshop, and then devoted every moment that he could spare to his beloved inventing.

He completed several inventions, and when he had sold the first of them to a large telegraph company, he gave up his New York workshop and his post in the office, and opened a factory in the town of Newark, New Jersey. Here, along with several helpers, he worked upon his inventions day and night.

The telegraph company bought several other

inventions from Edison. By means of these it became possible to send several messages each way along the same wire at the same time. Such inventions saved the company millions of pounds in the cost of wire alone.

Edison, who was by this time becoming quite wealthy, wished to continue his experiments, and so, in order to have more time for this work, he left his Newark factory under a manager, and went to live at a place called Menlo Park, not far from New York.

31. A FAMOUS INVENTOR—II

Words: instrument invisible recorded coster

Find out:

Which of Edison's inventions has helped man—

- (a) to do his daily business more speedily,
- (b) to banish darkness,
- (c) to amuse himself?

About the year 1875 many people were trying to discover a means of carrying speech over long distances with the aid of electricity—or, as we say, by telephone. A Scotsman named Alexander

Graham Bell, who lived in America, had invented a way of doing this, but his telephone was not a very great success, for it could not be put to any real use.

Edison, who saw how useful the telephone would be in business, became interested in the new idea. He invented an instrument which made it possible for the human voice to be carried across immense distances. The telegraph company eagerly bought Edison's invention, paying him a hundred thousand dollars for it, and telephone exchanges were set up all over the country.

We all know the 'Hello !' with which everyone begins a telephone talk. When the telephone came into use at first, people used to ring a bell and then ask politely, 'Are you there ?' or 'Are you ready to talk ?'

Edison, being a busy man, had no time for this. 'He caught up the receiver one day,' so a friend of his tells us, 'and shouted into it one word : "Hello !"' From that time this little word went round the world, and even to-day it is used in telephone talk in nearly every language.

The 'Wizard of Menlo Park,' as Edison was called, continued to bring out one wonderful invention after another. He saw the first electric lamp, and later, after many failures, he improved upon it by inventing a lamp which was the real

beginning of the electric lamp as we know it to-day.

The Edison Electric Light Company was formed, and Edison had his factory at Menlo Park lit up by electricity. The lamps, strung on a wire, were hung from the trees, and they burned day and night for over a week, a constant wonder to the thousands of folk who travelled miles to see them.

Soon after the wonderful show at Menlo Park, a report was spread that the evening star was really not a star at all, but an electric lamp which Edison had sent up at the tail of an invisible balloon! Hundreds of people believed this story, and for quite a long time the light was called the 'Edison Star.' 'The inventor,' says one writer, 'often had a quiet chuckle over the idea that he should have attempted to light up the sky.'

The phonograph, or talking-machine, was another of Edison's great inventions. This was an instrument by which the waves of sound set going by the human voice were caught and recorded; it was really the first gramophone, and was the first step towards the talking-picture of to-day.

When he invented the phonograph, Edison spoke of some of the many uses to which it would be put. It would be used at public meetings, in offices, in schools, in homes for the blind, in private houses. Many years later, he was much amused to hear

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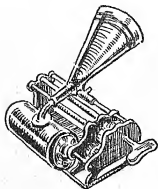
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of one odd use to which it had been put. A London coster, who had lost his voice through illness, got a coster friend of his to make phonograph records, at the top of his voice, of such remarks as 'Tomatoes,



Edison's phonograph

twopence a pound!' 'Green peas, threepence the half-peck!'

The phonograph was then well hidden among the pile of vegetables in the coster's cart, and taken to one of the busiest parts of London. There, while other costers were trying to shout each other down, the machine was set working. A crowd of buyers gathered round, and soon the owner had sold out the whole of his stock without saying a single word!

Edison also invented the 'kinetoscope,' or, as we should call it to-day, the cinematograph; an electric pen; an addressing machine; an electric locomotive; and many other wonderful things. Indeed, it would need a large book to describe and explain all the amazing inventions which were thought out by his marvellous brain and given to the world for the service of man.

Dorothy King.

32. CAPTAIN CARLETON'S ADVENTURE

In 1688 James II. fled from Britain and William of Orange became king. Many people, especially in the Highlands of Scotland, still favoured James, and William's army fought several battles with the Highlanders. This story tells of an incident which followed a battle fought near Cromdale, a village in Invernessshire; it was written by Captain Carleton, one of the officers in William's army.

Words: grenade confusion quarter tidings

Find out:

- (1) Where did the Highlanders who escaped from the battle seek refuge?
- (2) How did Captain Carleton subdue them?
- (3) What were the results of his action?

The Highlanders were about one thousand in number, of which about three hundred were killed in the battle. We pursued them till they got up Cromdale Hill, where we lost most of them in a fog. Indeed, so high is that hill that people who knew it well assured me that it never is without a little dark fog hanging over it; and to me, at that instant, those who escaped seemed rather to

be people received up into the clouds than soldiers flying from an enemy.

Near this there was an old castle, called Lethendry, into which about fifty Highlanders made their retreat, resolving there to defend themselves to the last. Sir Thomas Livingstone, our general, sent a messenger to them, with an offer of mercy if they would surrender ; but they refused the offer, and fired upon our men, killing two of our grenadiers and wounding another.

✓ Having learnt, during my stay in Holland, how to throw a grenade, I took three or four of these in a bag, and crept down by the side of a ditch or dyke to an old thatched house near the castle, thinking that, by mounting on the house, I might be near enough to throw the grenades so as to do some damage.

I found all things as I expected. As the castle had no roof, I threw in a grenade, which put the enemy immediately into confusion. The second had not so good success, falling short ; and the third burst as soon as it was well out of my hand, though without damage to myself. I threw a fourth in at a window, and it so increased the confusion inside the castle that the Highlanders immediately called out to me, with a promise of safety, to come to them.

Accordingly, I went up to the door, which



'I THREW IN A GRENADE'

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they had blocked up with great stones, and there they told me they were ready to surrender upon condition of obtaining mercy.

I returned to Sir Thomas, and told him what I had done, and gave him the message which they had desired me to deliver. Sir Thomas, in a high voice and broad Scotch, so that he might be heard and understood, ordered me back to tell them that he would cut them in pieces for their murder of two of his grenadiers after his offer of quarter.

I was returning full of these unhappy tidings when Sir Thomas, advancing after me a little distance from the rest of the company, said : 'Hark ye, sir. I believe there may be among them some of our old friends'—for we had served together in the Dutch army in Flanders. 'Therefore, tell them they shall have good quarter.'

I very willingly carried back a message so much more to my liking ; and, when I had delivered it, without hesitation they opened the door. One named Brodie came out, who, as he then told me, had had a piece of his nose taken off by one of my grenades. Later they all came out, and surrendered themselves prisoners.

This happened on May Day, in the morning ; for which reason we returned to Inverness with our prisoners, and boughs in our hats ; and the

Highlanders never held up their heads so high after this defeat.

Upon this success, Sir Thomas wrote to the King's court, giving a full account of the whole action. In it he was pleased to make mention of my behaviour, with some details, and soon after I had an officer's rank given to me in a company in the regiment under the command of Brigadier Tiffin.

*From 'The Memoirs of Captain Carleton'
(written about 1720).*

33. WILLIAM I—1066

William the First was the first of our kings,
Not counting Ethelreds, Egberts and things,
And he had himself crowned and anointed and
blessed

In-Ten-Sixty-I-Needn't-Tell-You-The-Rest.

But being a Norman, King William the First
By the Saxons he conquered was hated and cursed,
And they planned and they plotted far into the
night,

Which William could tell by the candles alight.



Then William decided these rebels to quell
 By ringing the curfew, a sort of a bell,
 And if any Saxon was found out of bed
 After eight o'clock sharp, it was 'Off With His
 Head !'



So at Bong Number One they all started to run
 Like a warren of rabbits upset by a gun ;

At Bong Number Two they were all in a stew,
 Flinging cap after tunic and hose after shoe ;

At Bong Number Three they were bare to the
 knee,
 Undoing the doings as quick as could be ;

At Bong Number Four they were stripped to
 the core,
 And pulling on nightshirts the wrong side before ;
 At Bong Number Five they were looking alive,
 And bizzing and buzzing like bees in a hive.
 At Bong Number Six they gave themselves kicks,
 Tripping over the rushes to snuff out the wicks ;



At Bong Number Seven, from Durham to Devon,
 They slipped up a prayer to Our Father in Heaven ;
 And at Bong Number Eight it was fatal to wait,
 So with hearts beating all at a terrible rate,
 In the deuce of a state, I need hardly relate,
 They jumped Bong into bed like a bull at a gate.

Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon.



34. A VISIT TO A FILM-STUDIO—I

Words: studio gauze electrician
 arrangement assistant microphone

Find out:

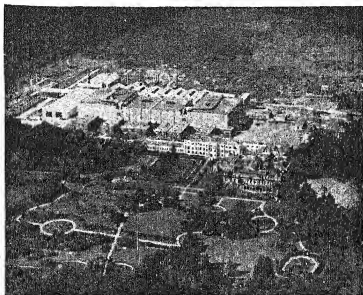
- (1) What is a film studio like (a) outside, (b) inside?
- (2) What is meant by (a) a set, (b) shooting?

I

Britain's largest film studios are to be found about twenty miles from London, scattered round the great city in different districts. To reach any one of these studios we shall have to travel by train or motor-coach from London.

Let us suppose that we have arrived at the gates of one of them. At first, our welcome seems not at all a warm one, for a large notice warns us: 'No admission except by arrangement.' Luckily, we have been able to obtain written permission to visit the studio, so we are allowed to pass inside the gates. 'I have to be very careful,' the gate-man explains, 'for people try all sorts of tricks in the hope of obtaining work in a film studio.'

We are soon in sight of the main studio building, which stands out, because of its size, from a great



By kind permission

Pinewood Studios, Ltd.

A FILM-STUDIO IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

number of smaller buildings. How like a vast aeroplane shed it looks! It has great doors here and there, but very few windows. There is, indeed, little need for windows, for inside the building electricity is used for nearly all lighting.

Once we have entered the main studio building, we find that it is divided into a number of separate studios, some quite small, others very large. In these studios shooting takes place. We need not be alarmed, for film people speak of 'shooting a film' just as we speak of 'taking a photograph.'

Let us peep into one of the studios. We notice first that quite a number of scenes, or 'sets,' as they are called, have been put up inside the one studio. Here we may find, looking very real indeed, a single room, or even several rooms, of a house ; there may be, too, a garden, a ship's deck, a dance hall, the inside of a bus, the outside of a shop—even a school class-room !

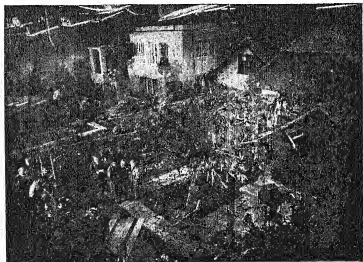
Although the sets look very life-like, they are made almost entirely of thin wood and plaster. The wooden walls of a room are papered like the walls of any ordinary room, but the floor is covered with varnished paper, which in the finished picture will look like highly polished linoleum.

Ordinary carpets, furniture, books, and curtains are used, while on the walls hang real pictures, though often the glass is removed from the frames so that no glare may be reflected from the powerful studio lights. For the same reason, glass windows are usually removed from their frames ; in place of them is used a thin black gauze, which, in the finished picture, will look very like glass.

A set of a room usually has no ceiling. It is built in this way in order that the great lamps which light up the set may shine with their full force on the actors and on the scene which is being filmed. Besides having no ceiling, a room has usually only

three walls. Where the fourth wall should be, we see the black box containing the film camera, and near by is the sound microphone.

Indeed, a film studio is a real land of make-believe ; and a very confusing place it seems, with all the actors and workers busy at their different tasks. Besides the director of the film and his assistants, there are many others on the floor—camera operators, electricians, hairdressers, carpenters, painters, and others. To us the making of a film seems a very difficult task. Still, if we watch carefully while shooting takes place, we shall see that these people think it quite simple.



By kind permission

Assoc. Brit. Picture Corp., Ltd.

A 'SET'

35. A VISIT TO A FILM- STUDIO—II

Words: antics announces scenery developed

Find out:

- (1) What is meant by: (a) *clapper-boy*, (b) '*Cut!*',
(c) '*O.K. for sound!*', (d) *stand-in*?
- (2) What is the usual length of a finished film?

I

To-day we are lucky, for we have looked into the studio just as they are going to shoot a scene. The studio doors are locked, and already the actors are in their places. 'Quiet, please!' shouts the assistant director, and at once silence falls. We visitors must be still too, for if we cough or sneeze the 'shot' cannot be used and another will have to be taken.

The camera-man tells the director that the lights are 'O.K.' The assistant director says that everyone is ready.

'O.K.—Shoot!' the director calls to the camera operator.

Now a funny thing happens. One of the camera assistants runs in front of the camera, carrying in his hands two flat pieces of wood called 'clappers.'

Striking these together with a loud bang, the 'clapper boy' shouts into the microphone, which is above his head, the number of the scene which is ready to be filmed ; then he runs back to the camera as quickly as he can. The noise of the clappers leaves on the sound-film a mark which serves as a guide when, later on, the sounds of the picture are fitted to the actions of the players. So the quaint antics of the clapper-boy are quite important !

When the clapper-boy is back at the camera, the actors begin to act the scene, speaking and playing their parts as if they were on a theatre stage. They may move about the set, and they sit down and stand up as the director wishes. The camera moves about with the actors.

When the scene is ended, the director shouts 'O.K.—Cut !' Once again the clapper-boy runs out in front of the camera and strikes his clappers, but this time he does not shout anything. The camera is then stopped.

'O.K. for sound !' announces the microphone operator, meaning that all the words were clearly picked up by the microphone and that no outside noises were heard.

'O.K. for camera !' says the camera-man, meaning that all the actors and their movements have been properly filmed.

'O.K.!' says the director, and at once preparations are made to shoot the next scene.

We are disappointed to find that we cannot follow the story as the film is being made. The reason is that all the scenes acted in the same set are taken one after another, no matter where they occur in the story. Afterwards, when the film is cut up, each scene is put in its proper place along with others, some of which may have been 'shot' many miles away—in real country scenery or even at sea.



A STRIP OF SOUND-FILM

The sound-track, which is a 'record' of the singer's voice, is the uneven wavy line just to the left of the picture itself.

(Courtesy: Assoc. Brit. Picture Corp., Ltd., Elstree.)

How sunburnt the actors and actresses are! The sunburn, however, is not real; it is merely brown-tinted paint, or 'make-up,' which is put on the players' faces so that their skin may look smooth and natural under the powerful glare of the lamps. It is strange, too, to see such things as tables covered with yellow table-cloths and waiters

wearing shirts with yellow fronts. In the finished picture these will appear white.

It is possible that we may recognise some well-known film 'stars' during our visit. We cannot help noticing how eagerly they go about their work. We may be rather puzzled to see some other people who look very like the stars and indeed are dressed in exactly the same way. These people are called 'stand-ins': it is their duty to stand in place of the stars while the scene is being lit up and everything prepared for shooting by the chief camera-man.

After a film has been shot, it has to be developed, printed, cut up, then fitted together in the proper order. We cannot hope to see all this being done, for a finished film is very long.

Perhaps we should like to know just *how* long an ordinary film is. Those of us who are good at mental arithmetic can work out this sum as we make our way from the studios back to London.

It takes one second for a foot and a half of film to run through the camera and the same time when it is shown in a cinema. Most ordinary films take an hour and a half to show. How long is one such film?

Well, how long?

D. Cousland.

36. A DESERT JOURNEY

This story tells of a remarkable journey made across the Libyan Desert in North Africa by one of our most famous women explorers, Miss Rosita Forbes. Her companions were: Hassanein, an Egyptian; Abdullah, the guide; Mohammed and Yusuf, two Arabs; and some black soldiers. When the story opens they had already wandered for nine days in the desert. Abdullah the guide had lost the way, and food and water had become scarce.

<i>Words:</i>	oasis	dunes	spinach
	mirage	ration	relief

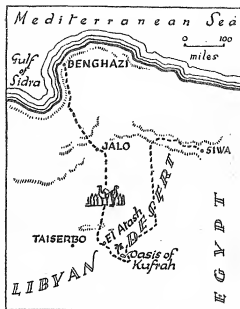
Find out:

- (1) What was the chief trouble that worried the party on their journey? *5 points.*
- (2) What was 'El Atash'? Was it well-named? Why?
- (3) How were the travellers saved from death?

I

It was a terrible walk. Nearly everyone had blistered feet, and no one had had enough to eat, yet everybody laughed. 'It is the will of Allah that we die,' Farraj, one of the black soldiers, said politely, 'but no one will die before Abdullah.'

A DESERT JOURNEY



The dotted line shows the route taken
through the Libyan Desert

I doubt if the guide heard. He trailed along with an empty stare, looking first west, then east.

After that everyone spoke of death, and I was amazed at the calm way in which it was done. In the middle of this cheerful conversation the mist suddenly lifted, and showed nothing but flat, pale sand, without the faintest shadow of grass or brushwood to give hope of an oasis.

Then followed a terrible afternoon, full of mirage. I do not know whether weariness had affected our

eyes, but on every side we saw hills, dunes, brushwood, and always, when we approached, they proved to be the same dark patches of gravel. 'It is a simple route to Taiserbo,' the governor at Jalo had said, 'but one mistake means death!' Had we really made the one mistake?

The hot midday hours dragged along slowly. I did not feel very thirsty myself, but we had all drunk so little lately that our skins had become very dry and parched. Our lips and guns were cracked and sore. The camels had had only a half ration of dates the day before and nothing that morning, so they were mad with hunger. They tried to eat the stuffing of the baggage saddles, and ran to every dark patch of stones in search of grass. It was their ninth day without water.

2

Towards sunset, faint dunes appeared in the south-west. We expected Abdullah to recognise them, but he did not. So, for a weary hour, everyone struggled along at his best pace, limping, with parched mouth and bloodshot eyes.

Suddenly Yusuf, who was ahead, flung himself down and hugged the earth. He had found a few dry sticks of brushwood and was fondling them. 'Praise Allah, there is more beyond!' he cried.

The sun sank as we reached the foot of the dunes, and our black soldiers broke into a run. Hassanein and I were left behind. We saw the others reach the skyline. We saw them gaze eastwards and sink down without a word. At that moment we felt our fate was sealed.

'It's no good,' I said. 'They would have danced and shouted if there had been a spring.'

'Yes. They would have made a noise,' said Hassanein.

Yet when we too reached the top of the hill we could not understand why the soldiers showed no excitement. For below us there were hillocks covered with dried brushwood, a couple of camel skeletons, and some bright green bushes. The camels rushed past us, shedding their baggage; but when they reached the green spot they did not touch it.

'This place is called El Atash—The Thirst,' said Abdullah suddenly. 'I remember now. There is an old well here, but its waters are salt and bad. You cannot drink.'

We built huge fires. We tore up the pack-saddles so that the camels could eat the straw stuffing. We shared out the juice in the few remaining tins of vegetables, but we dared not eat our meat ration because it was a little salt.

Next morning we divided a tin of spinach,

because it was damp and we could just force it down our swollen throats.

'It is time that Sidi Abdullah dies,' said Farraj. His finger was already on the trigger when the impossible happened. A faint, dark blur appeared on the horizon.

3

I have no memory at all of the next two hours. Whether I walked or rode or ran, I do not know ; of what happened to the others, I have no idea. My whole mind was fixed on those green mounds, which seemed to keep vanishing and appearing until at last, in the afternoon, they turned out to be a few clustered palms and some dunes covered with short dry grass.

I remember tottering down a hollow and seeing some black figures madly scooping up sand, and then a silent little group crouched pitifully on the edge of the freshly dug pit that meant life or death.

The water came very slowly, for they had chosen a bad place in their hurry ; but it came. Oozing through damp sand, the first muddy pool brought to our hearts joy, relief, gratitude too deep for words.

*Abridged and adapted from the account
by Miss Rosita Forbes in 'The Story of
Exploration and Adventure.'*



37. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

We do not know what the 'Good News' was that was brought 'from Ghent to Aix.' It does not matter much, for we can still enjoy every line of this rousing, galloping poem.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
' Good speed ! ' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
' Speed ! ' echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great
pace

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
our place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the
bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew
near

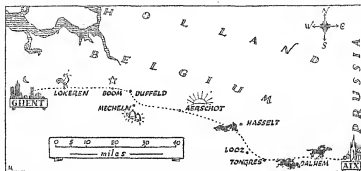
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear ;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, ' Yet there is time ! '

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every
one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :



And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track ;

And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, ' Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix '—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.



So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And ' Gallop,' gasped Joris, ' for Aix is in sight !'

' How they 'll greet us !'—and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground ;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

38. THE BUSY BEE—I

The Joy of Work

Words: provisions loyal vacant
 thoroughness prosperity poverty

Find out:

- (1) How do bees spend the winter?
- (2) What happens in a bee-hive when winter is over?
- (3) What difficulty faces the hive about midsummer?

Through the long, cold months of winter the bees have remained indoors, drowsy and lifeless. Yet they are never quite free from duties, for there is constant activity during even the winter period of rest.

In the dark and warmest corners of the hive they hang from the combs, an ever-moving cluster of tiny brown bodies, the bees on the outside continually changing places with those within. Week after week, month after month, the steady movement goes on, keeping up a warmth without which the little members of the hive would freeze to death; for the bees are a people of summer skies and sunshine.

On specially mild days, when a glow of pale wintry sunshine peeps in at the hive entrance, the

bees may be tempted forth for short flights. Except for these short outings, they are content to spend the dark months at home, dipping into cells of provisions, keeping warm, and awaiting spring.

Gradually the days grow longer. The celandine peeps timidly from the dead tangle of the hedgerows, and daisies sprinkle the meadows with a powdering of misty white; beside the stream marsh-marigolds raise their heads in a glow of golden glory. Spring has sent her message to the anxious Field Folk; and in answer to her call the clustering bees separate.

All is now bustle and activity in the hive. Spring-cleaning begins with a thoroughness to be found only in the homes of these busy little people. Every corner inside the great, dark hive is carefully examined, every nook and cranny swept clean. The magical process of wax-making begins, and damaged combs are repaired to be ready for the coming busy season.

Surrounded by her loyal maids-in-waiting, the Queen moves from cell to cell, laying in each empty cradle-cell a tiny, thread-like egg.

The fanners stand in rows, their quivering wings sending streams of pure air to every corner of the hive. Carpenters and builders smooth down rough surfaces and close up draughty cracks in the weather-beaten outer walls. Thousands of workers

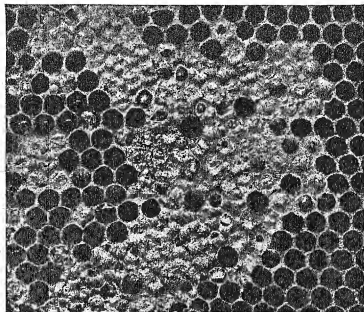
race hither and thither, humming their spring-song of joy, each busy with her own special task. What a glorious time is this, when the bees make their first appearance in early spring!

As the season advances, the hive reaches the height of its joy and prosperity. Spring changes to summer; sunny hillsides blaze with the gold of blossoming gorse; the fields are white with clover and drowsy with the humming of countless shimmering wings. From early morning till sundown the busy workers explore the countryside, returning with greater and greater stores, bringing news of fresh blossom-laden meadows and hillsides ripe for harvest. Joyous days are spent in visiting the hearts of flowers, collecting their treasures of nectar and pollen, returning through the sunny air to the honey-scented hive!

About June the returning bees, laden with spoil from field and meadow, find no vacant cells in which to store their burdens of pollen and nectar. The members of the hive have increased very greatly in numbers, for thousands of young bees are breaking forth each week from their nursery cells; and the Queen, who is now laying almost three thousand eggs each day, finds that there are not enough nursery cells.

The hive is now too crowded. The fanners work without ceasing in a vain attempt to cool

the heated air inside it. It is clear now that swarming time is near, when thousands of the



Boslin.

'WAX-CAPPED CRADLES'

From these nursery cells young bees will emerge to swell the numbers of the inhabitants of the hive.

members of the hive must give up wealth for poverty in order to make room for the coming thousands, who are still sleeping in their wax-capped cradles.

39. THE BUSY BEE—II

Swarming Time

Words: heroic starvation slaughter
 recklessly approaches

Find out:

- (1) How do the worker-bees protect the princesses from the Queen?
- (2) What happens inside the hive when swarming-time arrives?
- (3) What do the swarming bees do when they leave the hive?

What is it that makes these heroic little insects forsake their hive, with its honey and pollen cells filled to overflowing? Why is it that the little labourers leave behind this city of plenty and go forth into the great unknown world to build another home? Why is it that they leave to others the results of their spring labours, to face with cheerful bravery the dangers of starvation or death from cold?

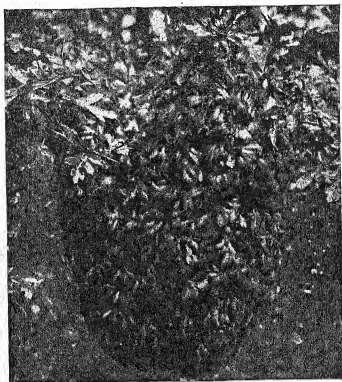
The answer is that, from the moment the young bee breaks the capping of her cell and appears on the comb as a downy, awkward infant, her life becomes one of service to the hive. Each tiny

member of the great family is filled with the courage of a hero. She is willing and proud to live, work, face difficulties, even to die, knowing that she is making her sacrifice for the good of the future members of the hive.

Before the swarm sets out, many careful preparations must be made. The swarming bees must not leave without their beloved Queen, for to do so would mean almost certain destruction ; and they must not leave the hive itself without a Queen. Already the hive has a number of young princesses, though they are still sleeping within large, acorn-shaped cells which hang down from the combs.

Now the old Queen is jealous of the princesses, and as they become older her anger grows. Again and again she tries to reach their cells, to plunge her sting into each rival ; again and again she is gently but firmly driven back by the guarding nurses. The time for the swarm to depart has not yet arrived, and before it sets out such slaughter must not be allowed. Nor must the princesses be permitted to leave their cells while the old Queen remains in the hive. Day after day, as the oldest princess nibbles through her cradle wall, the workers add more and more wax to its capping.

At last a strange idleness comes over the hive ; the bees cease their labours and await the great event.



Bastin.

This swarm has chosen a hawthorn branch as a meeting-place.

✓ Then the day arrives. Bees, coming back from their wanderings outside, tell of blue skies and warm, sunlit air. The city of order and carefully planned work is at once thrown into wild confusion. Honey cells are recklessly torn open and countless robbers dip into them, storing in their bodies enough food and wax-building material to

see them through the hardships of swarming time, which they know has now arrived.

Then from the narrow, crowded doorway of the hive the bees pour, an unending brown stream that mounts upwards, breaks, comes together again, and finally opens out into a hazy cloud in the summer blue, and the air hums with the joy of the swarming song.

Presently a cluster begins to form on a tree near by, the Queen joins it, and from all sides the swarming bees gather round her, there to await the return of the scouts who had been sent out in advance to find a place for the new home.

Now, in the old hive, the oldest princess breaks out from her cell. If no further swarms are to go off, she is permitted by the nurses to kill off her helpless royal sisters, and soon the hive returns to its peaceful daily business.

Summer quickly passes, and autumn too, when the now useless drones are slain without mercy. Winter approaches, and the Queen gradually ceases to lay. A hush falls upon the hive. Once more the bees collect upon the central combs, and there they will remain till spring again sends her message of sunshine and awaking flowers.

G. D. Fisher

(Hut Man of the B.B.C.).

40. THE OLD WOMAN IN THE LANE

As we were a-walking along a green lane,
Priscilla, Felicity, Susan and Jane,
We met an old woman beneath a green bush,
And she carried a basket of wicker and rush,
*And the hedgerow was sweet with dog-violets, prim-
roses, speedwell, anemone, elecampane !*

Her look was so crafty, her eye was so bright,
And she wore a tall hat and a bodice laced tight,
And a ragged old apron pinned up to her knee,
And a long ragged petticoat green as a tree,
*And her cloak was all patched with blue damask,
brown hessian, velvet and dimity, scarlet and
white !*

Priscilla said she was a husbandman's dame,
And from one of the farms in the valley she came,
A-bringing her wares to the market to sell,
And to buy a new kirtle and apron as well,
*And her basket was full of eggs, butter and dripping,
green bacon, Spring chickens, milk cheeses and
cream !*

Felicity said she had been to the copse
 Where the wild woodland cherry its loveliness drops,
 And the milky-stemmed wood-spurge grown yellow
 and green,
 With the dear little primroses peeping between,
*And her basket was full of wild daffodils, violets,
 bunches of primroses, young teasle-tops !*

But *Susan* said no, she was surely a witch
 Who 'd been gathering herbs in a toad-ridden
 ditch,
 And was hurrying off to some bough-hidden dell
 Where the witches were waiting to work them a
 spell,
*And her basket was full of love-potions, wax images,
 herbals, and poisons and pellets of pitch !*

But *Jane* said to-day was the day of the fair,
 And the little old woman was hurrying there
 To ride on the roundabout, swing on the swing,
 And to open her basket and let out the Spring,
*For her basket was full of a cuckooing cuckoo, a
 cuckoo, a cuckoo, a cuckoo, a cuckoo,*
*Her basket was full of a cuckoo, brown cuckoo, big
 cuckoo, loud cuckoo, to loose at the fair !*

Ianthe Ferrol.

41. A DAY-DREAM

Have you ever lain in the grass or heather and let your thoughts and fancies wander? You will read here of such a 'day-dream.'

Words: ramparts spiralling immense
 thunderbolt bluffs

Find out:

- (1) What took Hugh Forbes's attention as he lay in the heather?
- (2) What was his day-dream?

Hugh Forbes lay on his back in the thick dry heather, his coat under him, and stared up at the high, cloudless morning sky. The sun was up now behind the eastern ramparts, the chill was gone out of the air, and the mountains were no longer dead. They spaced themselves out kindly and their high shoulders were in the full day. The rocks on Cairn Ban,¹ away up there, glinted with orange, and the snow-bank on Ben a Mhuic¹ was flushed with pink.

A hill-lark sprang up within a hundred yards of him, singing its brave and lovely song, and he

¹ *Cairn Ban* (bahn), *Ben a Mhuic* (voo-ik), names of mountains.

watched it spiralling up and up into the blue. When it was a mere speck his eyes left it for a bigger and blacker speck that soared immensely high over Loch Dhu.¹ That would be a golden eagle, the first he had seen.

Maybe the eyes up there were watching him as he lay. Every now and then the speck slid sideways, like a bead on a wire, and then hung motionless. Presently it would swoop like a thunderbolt upon some hare crouching in the heather.

He waited with interest for that deadly swoop, but it was slow in coming, and his eyes grew weary. He found himself looking through his lashes at a chain of tiny beads that floated down before his eyes and then flitted up again.

He turned over on his face, his hands under his chin and his eyes looking through the twisted heather stems. When you looked at the heather low down like that, how like a forest it was ! Between this immense trunk and that one, seemed not an inch but a hundred paces.

And now, in all truth, it was an ancient forest, and he was gazing between the huge trunks of strange trees. That crawling insect was an ancient monster ; and his own breath was a wind that made a hundred leagues of wood tremble.

¹ *Loch Dhu*, pronounced doo.

The forest was gone now, and he was in the youth of the world, looking across a swollen and muddy river at a line of great, yellow-clay, green-crowned bluffs that sloped down into the swirling water. He was very lonely and very much afraid, and the world was empty—empty—empty.

A hand on his shoulder waked him, and in his first waking he was glad to see Frances Mary sitting at his side in the heather. He smiled at her. 'I was asleep, Frances Mary,' he said simply.

*From 'The Small Dark Man,'
by Maurice Walsh.*

MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !

Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.

42. UNDER AFRICA—I

Rosie, like the famous Alice, was lost in a tunnel. As the tunnel was *under* Africa, you will not be surprised to find that Rosie's adventures were very strange ones indeed.

<i>Words:</i>	astonishment	specimen	inlaid
	biped	ancestor	embroidered

Find out:

- (1) Whom did Rosie meet? Describe him.
- (2) Where did he live?

Time passed. Tired of standing still, Rosie made little voyages into the darkness, but took care always to return to the same spot. At last she ventured a little farther, and was on the point of returning once more when she was startled to hear a soft voice say behind her, 'And where are you going, my beautiful biped?'

Rosie swung round. To her great astonishment she saw what looked like a very large pig with bright pink eyes, an almost white skin, and a neat little tail with a slip-knot in it.

It was clear that he was excited about something, for his tail kept shooting out straight, curling up again into the slip-knot, and then shooting straight out once more, making a little crack each time like a toy pistol.



Rosie could not help noticing his ears. They were very long and stiff, and stuck out of his head like cardboard ears, giving him an air of extreme surprise.

‘Where are you going?’ he repeated softly.

Now, you might think it strange to find a pig talking English under Africa, but not if you have been there. So Rosie was not too taken aback. Nevertheless, she could not hide a little start of surprise, which he was quick to notice. ‘Please don’t be frightened,’ he begged politely. ‘I’m very fond of animals.’

‘Oh,’ answered Rosie, ‘but I’m not an animal.’

He shook his head. ‘They all say that,’ he murmured gently, as if talking to himself. ‘They all say that, poor things.’ Then he said to Rosie, ‘I hope you won’t mind your cage not being quite ready. I wasn’t expecting to find such a good specimen so soon. And you *are* a good specimen,’ he went on. ‘If I hadn’t captured that bottle-nosed blue beetle the day before yesterday, you would have been the best specimen in my collection. What a pity you didn’t come along two days ago! Where *did* you come from?’

‘From England,’ replied Rosie.

‘Ah,’ he sighed, as if this answer told him a great deal. ‘From England? Yes, yes, yes.’

All this time he had been guiding Rosie along

the tunnel to what he called his 'humble lodging,' which they soon reached.

For a pig's house, thought Rosie, it was wonderful. It was made of stiff canvas in the shape of a large paper bag, but it was complete with door, windows, and a chimney where it was tied at the top. On the door was a brightly polished plate bearing the words 'Enter-or-Dont.'

'My name,' he said with a bow. 'A good one, you'll admit. I hope you like my house. I built it in honour of my famous ancestor, the Pig in the Poke.' So saying, he threw open the door.

Inside, everything was of the very best. Rosie saw a carved manger, a few fine inlaid troughs, and a handsome bed of silk-embroidered straw.

The pig was pleased to observe her astonished look, and cracked his tail with pleasure. 'You needn't be so surprised,' he said. 'When we pigs lived above ground a sty was the best we could hope for, so naturally we made up for it when we came here.' He shivered as if the memory of past discomforts was more than he could bear. 'This, of course, is only the living-room. Through there,' pointing to another door and speaking softly, 'is the dying-room; but you needn't think about that yet.'

Rosie shivered and said nothing.

43. UNDER AFRICA—II

Words: peered soothing carnivorous
 promptly menagerie herbivorous

Find out:

- (1) What made the Enter-or-Dont think that Rosie lived in a burrow?
- (2) Why did the Enter-or-Dont regard Rosie as 'a great capture'?

Next Rosie watched him produce a large notebook and pencil. He peered at her curiously out of his bright pink eyes.

'Are you wild or tame?' he asked suddenly.

Rosie was startled, so unexpected was the question. 'I don't know,' she stammered.

'That proves you're tame,' he said, and promptly he wrote in his book: TAME.

'Are you a pest or a useful animal?' he continued.

Rosie was annoyed. 'I'm not an animal, and I'm certainly not a pest,' she declared; 'besides, I don't like your questions.'

'That proves you *are* a pest,' he said almost happily, and wrote in his book: PEST.

'What tricks can you do?' was his next surprising question.

Rosie glared at him. She felt her temper rising.

'Come, come,' he said in a soothing tone. 'Surely they taught you to do Skin-the-Cat in the menagerie?'

'I was never in a menagerie!' snapped Rosie angrily, now thoroughly roused.

'H'm,' he grunted, watching her carefully. 'Sorry. My mistake. No doubt, since you are a lady biped, you were in the womenagerie. Still, there's no need to get angry.' He wrote quickly :
GOOD FOR NOTHING.

'What do you use your whiskers for?'

Rosie bit her lip and made no reply. He peered at her anxiously, muttering to himself, 'No whiskers, no whiskers!' and, shaking his head, he printed : BAREFACED.

'Where do you make your burrow?' he asked next.

Rosie laughed : she couldn't help it. 'I don't live in a burrow,' she cried.

'Not live in a burrow!' he repeated in astonishment. 'I thought you said you came from England?'

'And so I do,' cried Rosie.

He gazed at her thoughtfully. 'I'm not so stupid as you may think,' he said with a frown. 'The Enter-or-Donts come from a good sty. If you live in England, you live in a burrow—that's certain. It may be Middles-burrow, Peter-burrow,

Scar-burrow, Flam-burrow, Salis-burrow, Shrews-burrow, Wednes-burrow, Tewkes-burrow, Canter-burrow, or even Edin-burrow in Scotland, but burrow it is.' Then he picked up his book and wrote rapidly : TELLS LIES.

Rosie flushed with anger. 'I do not,' she declared, stamping her foot.

He drew back hastily in some alarm. 'Don't get excited,' he begged. 'Perhaps it's only because you're hungry. What would you like to eat? Are you carnivorous or herbivorous?'

'I don't know what you mean,' answered Rosie sulkily.

'Oh, well,' he explained, 'I mean—I mean—do you like beef or potatoes?'

'Both,' cried Rosie immediately.

He sprang back in great excitement, his tail cracking furiously. 'Both!' he cried. Then, as she nodded her head, a look of pride filled his eyes, and grabbing his book he printed in large letters :

CARNIHERBIVOROUS

'Phew!' he gasped, looking now at Rosie and now at the word, 'a great capture, a great capture!'

44. UNDER AFRICA—III

Words: corridor vigorous ruse

Find out:

How did Rosie escape from the Enter-or-Dont?

‘Would you like to see your cage now? It’s not quite finished yet,’ said the Enter-or-Dont.

An idea flashed through Rosie’s mind. Perhaps she could persuade him to enter the cage. It was worth trying, for the sooner she escaped the better. She replied briskly, ‘If you don’t mind.’

‘Not at all,’ he said. ‘Come this way.’

He led her through a dark corridor into what appeared to be his workshop, in the middle of which stood a large cage with iron bars. To this he pointed proudly. ‘How do you like it? See; it has bars for swinging on. You should be happy there. I’ll let you in as soon as the door’s made.’

Rosie smiled to hide the fear in her heart. ‘You can’t keep me in that,’ she laughed. ‘The bars are too far apart. I could squeeze through them whenever I wished. See, I can put my head through easily.’ And at once she did so.

‘Is that so?’ he exclaimed in astonishment. ‘I never thought of that.’

Rosie withdrew her head. 'Why, even *your* head could go through,' she told him. 'Try it if you don't believe me. The bars are far too wide apart.'

He seemed much taken aback, and put his face close to the cage, as if to try the truth of her words. Instantly Rosie seized her chance, and with a vigorous push sent his head through the bars.

For a moment, as his large, stiff ears flattened back and stuck, she thought her ruse had failed, but in a flash his ears were through, and had sprung out again into their usual position so that he could not draw back, and was held securely trapped.

Long before the Enter-or-Dont could twist round to see what had happened, he heard the latch go click, the patter of light footsteps in the corridor, the slamming of a distant door, then silence.

Down on the floor of his workshop he sank, his head inside the cage, howling with fury. 'My Carniherbivorous!' he wailed. 'Oh! Oh! Oh! My beautiful Carniherbivorous has gone!'

Badly frightened, Rosie fled down the dark tunnel as fast as her legs would carry her, not looking or caring where she went so long as she put a safe distance between herself and the hateful Enter-or-Dont.

*From A. Turnbull's
'Mr Never-Lost Goes On.'*

45. ELIZABETH FRY

Words: herded quarters methods
 innocent matron leisure

Find out:

- ✓(1) How did Elizabeth Fry first show her interest in the lives of others?
- (2) For what great work is Mrs Fry famous?
- ✓(3) For what other deeds of mercy is she remembered?

I

About a hundred and fifty years ago there lived in the English county of Norfolk, in a large house called Earlham Hall, a happy girl named Elizabeth Gurney. Her father was a wealthy member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are often called.

Though Elizabeth belonged to this grave and quiet Society, she was allowed, unlike many Quaker girls of her time, to go to balls and parties and other amusements of which she was very fond.

Before she was eighteen, however, she heard a sermon preached in the town of Norwich by an American Quaker. A most stirring sermon it must have been, for after hearing it Elizabeth began to think less of pleasures and more of serious

matters. She found that there is much more in life than merely amusing one's self.

One of the first things she did to prove herself of some use in the world was to set up a little school in her father's house, and here she taught seventy poor children. In those days free schools were unknown, so that the children of poor people often received no education.

At the age of twenty the young Quakeress married a London merchant named Joseph Fry, who, like herself, was a member of the Society of Friends. Some years later she became a preacher among the Friends, for this Society had women preachers as well as men.

2

One day Mrs Fry paid a visit to Newgate Prison, in London. No doubt she went as a preacher, to see if she could do any good by talking to the poor folk there. What she saw must have been a great shock to her.

In those days Newgate Prison, like all other prisons in our country, was a dark, damp, miserable place. In it scores of unhappy people were herded together like cattle, to await, sometimes for many months, trials for crimes so slight that nowadays they would be punished by a light fine.

The prisoners lived in dirt and misery, spending hopeless days in idleness, quarrelling and fighting. They suffered from all kinds of diseases, because they were not able to live, or to feed, like ordinary human beings. Worst of all, innocent little children often had to share these hardships with their parents.

Elizabeth Fry, the gentle Quakeress, who was used to quiet manners and to cleanness in all things, was greatly shocked at what she saw. When she was about to go into the women's quarters at Newgate, with her Bible in her hand, she said, 'I feel as if I were going into a den of wild beasts.'

The governor of the prison went with her, but he looked very doubtful as the doors were unlocked for her.

'I do not like to trust myself, not to speak of you, Mrs Fry, among these unhappy creatures,' he said. 'Let me advise you to put away your watch, ma'am, lest it should be snatched from you.'

Mrs Fry did not turn aside from what she knew to be her duty. She went into the prison, and did not shrink from the sickness, misery, and dirt which she saw all around her. She talked to the women, read to them, and spoke to them of their children.

At first the prison officers did not believe that



Jerry Barnet.

ELIZABETH FRY IN NEWGATE PRISON

Photo: Kischgitz

Mrs Fry's visits could do the prisoners much good. Nevertheless, she visited the people time after time, and continued her kindly talks, her readings to them, and her prayers for them. She did not labour in vain. When it was seen how earnest and sincere and even useful she was, the prison governor at Newgate gave her valuable help, of which she made the best use.

She gathered to her aid a group of ladies who were as earnest, and as anxious to help, as she was. A matron was found for the women's prison, and she worked under Mrs Fry's orders. The prisoners were taught to work, to keep their prison clean and tidy, and to live on better terms with one another. A school for the children was formed, and a workshop was set up in the prison.

'Let the people fill their days with work, and learn to be useful,' Mrs Fry would say. 'When folk are idle, they are sure to get into mischief.'

3

After a time Mrs Fry, and the good work that she was doing, became known not only in London but all over England and in Europe as well. Many people, who until then had taken little interest in the fate of poor prisoners, began to feel pity for them and to give useful help to Mrs Fry.

One by one, other prisons in our country copied the new methods started by Mrs Fry. When she could leave her work at Newgate, she visited prisons in various parts of Great Britain, and afterwards in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. In each of these countries she gave wise advice for improving the conditions under which prisoners lived.

Besides her great work for prisoners, Mrs Fry took a deep interest in the lives of the poor and homeless. She was struck with horror to learn, one cold winter morning, that a boy had been found frozen to death on a doorstep. She and some other ladies at once opened a shelter where the poor and needy might obtain food and lodging for the night.

At another time she helped to supply Bibles and other books to sailors and coast-guards, so that they might pass their leisure hours in profitable reading.

At Barking, in Essex, where once stood a garden around Mrs Fry's cottage, there stands to-day a church built in memory of one who spent her life in the service of poor prisoners and captives ; for Elizabeth Fry was one of the many noble British women who, in the last century, did so much in many ways to make the lives of their humble fellow-creatures better and brighter.

Dorothy King.



SPONGE-FISHING IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS

46. SPONGE-FISHING

Sponges, as perhaps you know, are sea animals. Those which are suitable for human use are gathered from the sea-bed in the Mediterranean and round the Bahama Islands in the West Indies. This chapter is taken from a description of the Bahama Islands sponge-fisheries. Nassau is the capital and chief port of the islands.

Words: schooner yacht crystal skeleton
craft scull wrenches auction

Find out:

- (1) How are sponges gathered?
- (2) How are they made ready for selling?
- (3) What would you be likely to see if you visited a West Indian sponge market?

I

It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing sight than that of the sponge-fishing fleet setting out from Nassau on a day of bright sunshine.

The schooners are graceful craft, built like wooden yachts and laden with sail. As they leave the harbour they scatter, each one making for its own fishing-ground many miles away. Often a single voyage will last from six to eight weeks, according to the skill of the fishermen and the state of the weather.

The schooner cruises over the shallow banks where sponges are known to grow, and anchors at a favourable spot. Then it sends out small boats with a man and a boy in each. The boy stands in the stern to scull and steer the tiny craft, and the man lies in the bows, holding a glass-bottomed bucket in one hand and a long staff with a pronged hook in the other.

The sea around the Bahamas is as clear as crystal, and all the creatures of the ocean bottom are plainly to be seen through the glass. Sponges do not live by themselves in lonely groups, but are often surrounded by many kinds of sea plants and animals. Brown and purple seaweeds grow in tall clumps like ocean forests, and wave to and fro with the current. Fish of the queerest shapes and colours, blazing orange and brilliant green, blue, gold, and crimson, dart in and out of thickets of sea grasses, or hover about the sponges, which appear as dark masses, sometimes cup-shaped but usually of no special shape.

When the 'hooker' catches sight of a sponge growing in the mud, he signals with his hand, and the 'sculler' brings the boat to rest. With a quick movement of the wrist the man fastens the hook in the root of the sponge, and wrenches it from the bottom. ✓

As soon as their boats are laden to the brim, the fishermen return to their schooner and pile the harvest high up on the deck. When they have gathered a large number of sponges, they take them to the nearest island and throw them into a 'kraal,' which is a space fenced off with stakes in shallow water and washed by the tide.

In the kraal the sponges are beaten to free them of the evil-smelling, black, jelly-like flesh, which begins to rot soon after the sponge is hooked. It takes several days and many thorough beatings to clean the skeleton of the sponge, for a half-cleaned sponge is almost worthless.

Next the sponges are hung up on strings and dried on deck, until they are ready to be packed in the hold, where the schooner's cargo is stored. Care must still be taken, however, for if the sponge is too moist when it is stowed away it becomes rotten, and if the schooner chances to run into bad weather and the sponges are soaked with water, they may turn a very bad colour, which greatly spoils their value.

On the quay at Nassau, in the sheds of the sponge market, two or three hundred cheerful-looking natives, men and women, spend much of their time clipping the sponges into neat and

pleasing shapes, with the aid of huge trimming scissors.

Near at hand there is another market where strange fruits and vegetables and giant straw hats and baskets are piled high on wooden stalls and offered for sale. Chocolate-coloured children, contentedly sucking sticks of sugar-cane or large slices of melon, are playing round these sheds near their parents. Everywhere there is an air of life and enjoyment rather than of hard work.

The sorting of the sponges, however, is quite a difficult matter. The most valuable sponges are known as the 'wool' and 'velvet' sponges. Other kinds, which are plentiful but of less value, are known as 'grass,' 'reef,' 'hardhead,' 'yellow,' and 'glove' sponges.

After the sponges have been clipped and sorted, they are sold by auction to the highest bidder, and sent to the large sponge merchants in New York, London, and Europe. From them these strange creatures of the ocean depths find their way to smaller dealers and shopkeepers and so to our homes.

Elaine Bickerstaffe.

47. THE HEN

As you may guess when you read this little story, the author of it is a poet. Point out lines or phrases which seem to belong to the language of poetry.

Words: poultry discussed departure eaves
 quests stubble description

All along the farmyard gables the swallows sat a-row, twittering uneasily to one another, telling of many things, but thinking only of Summer and of the South, for Autumn was afoot and the North Wind waiting.

And suddenly one day they were all quite gone. And everyone spoke of the swallows and the South.

'I think I shall go South myself next year,' said a hen.

And the year wore on and the swallows came again, and the year wore on and they sat again on the gables, and all the poultry discussed the departure of the hen.

And very early one morning, the wind being from the North, the swallows all soared suddenly and felt the wind in their wings; and a strength came upon them and a strange old knowledge and a more than human faith, and flying high

they left the smoke of our cities and small remembered caves, and saw at last the huge and homeless sea, and steering by grey sea-currents went southward with the wind. And going South they went by glittering fog-banks and saw old islands lifting their heads above them ; they saw the slow quests of the wandering ships, and divers seeking pearls, and lands at war, till there came in view the mountains that they sought and the sight of the peaks they knew ; and they descended into an austral¹ valley, and saw Summer sometimes sleeping and sometimes singing song.

‘ I think the wind is about right,’ said the hen ; and she spread her wings and ran out of the poultry-yard. And she ran fluttering out on to the road and some way down it until she came to a garden.

At evening she came back panting.

And in the poultry-yard she told the poultry how she had gone South as far as the high road, and saw the great world’s traffic going by, and came to lands where the potato grew, and saw the stubble upon which men live, and at the end of the road had found a garden, and there were roses in it—beautiful roses !—and the gardener himself was there with his braces on.

‘ How extremely interesting,’ the poultry said, ‘ and what a really beautiful description ! ’

¹ *austral*, southern.

And the Winter wore away, and the bitter months went by, and the Spring of the year appeared, and the swallows came again.

'We have been to the South,' they said, 'and the valleys beyond the sea.'

But the poultry would not agree that there was a sea in the South: 'You should hear our hen,' they said.

Lord Dunsany.

48. A LAUGHTER SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary, Susan, and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'

William Blake.

49. WHY KOOKABURRA LAUGHS—I

Australia is a land of queer birds and beasts. Here is a legend concerning the Giant Kingfisher or Laughing Jackass or Kookaburra, as the Australians call him, and that very odd creature, Duck-Bill or Platypus.

You may not be able to find the following words in your dictionary ; pronounce them as shown in brackets:

dugong (doo-gong), a sea-animal like a seal in appearance.

conch-shell (konk), a sea-shell used as a trumpet.

dilly-bag, the Australian native name for a bag used to carry small dead animals, snakes, lizards, and birds, while hunting.

nulla-nulla club, an Australian native war-club.

humpy-hut, a rough shelter of boughs and bark.

wattle, gidyea (gid-e-a), ti, Australian trees.

waratah (wor-a-ta), a plant with a bright-red flower.

Find out :

- (1) What task did Rolla-Mano set himself ?
- (2) What animals did he make? How did he perform it?

Once, in far-off and distant times, ages and ages ago, the black god, Rolla-Mano, who is

sometimes called The-Old-Man-Of-The-Sea, came up on the back of a dugong out of the coral forests in the blue Pacific Ocean to see how his new land, Australia, was getting on.

Blowing his conch-shell loudly, he shot through the curling, creamy breakers to a yellow beach. Then he took his magic dilly-bag in one hand and his nulla-nulla club in the other, and set off over range and rock, over gully and gorge, all covered with gum and wattle trees, until he came to the banks of the Murmuring-Murrumbidgee-River. There he built a bark humpy-hut beneath a gidyea tree, and he squatted down in the warm sun to look at the new land that lay before him, all blue and hazy and shimmery in the heat.

He looked at the rolling ranges and he looked at the winding rivers; at the giant gum-trees and the huge tree-ferns; at the clumps of golden wattle and the crimson waratah blooms, and he said to himself, 'Wah! I have made a great land, different from all other lands: I will also make its living creatures different from others.'

So he took up his magic dilly-bag and turned it round and round from east to west, saying the bird-magic words, 'Wee-waa—Wagga-wagga—Oodnadatta—Coogee!' And just as he said 'Coogee!' the magic dilly-bag opened, and out hopped The-Biggest-Kingfisher-That-Ever-Was!

Rolla-Mano watched the big bird as it flew to the top of the humpy-hut and stared back at him with mischief in its eye. 'You are Kookaburra,' he said. 'You are queer, but I must make queerer still: the magic must be stronger!'

So he picked up his magic dilly-bag once more and took a deep breath, while Kookaburra watched with mischief in his eye.

'Woolloomooloo — Giligulgul — Mooneymooney — Trangie!' cried Rolla-Mano, turning the dilly-bag upside down and shouting animal-magic—while Kookaburra watched with mischief in his eye.

At once the magic dilly-bag began to swell and swell, and something inside began to kick and squirm, and presently out crawled a little bear-like creature, gentle-looking and woolly and grey as ti-tree ashes.

'You are Koala!' cried Rolla-Mano as the little bear climbed into a gum-tree and went to sleep in the sun—while Kookaburra watched with mischief in his eye.

'I must make queerer still,' said Rolla-Mano. 'I *must* make Kookaburra laugh! The magic must be stronger!'

So he picked up the magic dilly-bag once more and took a deep breath—while Kookaburra watched with mischief in his eye.

‘Pallamallawa — Wooloongabba — Moonyoo-nooka!’ shouted Rolla-Mano, turning the magic dilly-bag round and round from east to west and then from north to south, till presently out jumped a brown animal with large hind legs and a long, thick tail.

‘Aha! That’s better!’ cried Rolla-Mano. ‘You are Kangaroo; you are queer, but I must make queerer still. The magic must be stronger! I *shall* make Kookaburra laugh!’

All day long Rolla-Mano squatted before the humpy-hut under the gidyea-tree on the banks of the Murmuring-Murrumbidgee-River, turning his magic dilly-bag round and round from east to west and from north to south and repeating stronger and stronger magic. One by one he called the creatures from the bag, each one queerer than the last: animals that fly; birds that don’t; spiders that whistle; swans that are black; Flying-Fox, Emu, Wombat, Bandicoot.

And still Kookaburra did not laugh.

How to pronounce names in this lesson:

Kook-a-bur-a	Tran-jee	Moon-yoo-noo-ka
Mur-um-bij-ee	Ko-ah-la	Eem-you
Wool-oo-mool-oo	Pa-la-ma-la-wa	Wom-bat
Gil-ee-gul-gul	Woo-loon-gab-a	Band-ee-koot
Moon-ee-moon-ee		

50. WHY KOOKABURRA LAUGHS—II

Words: **determination** **locusts** **sensitive**

- (1) How was Duck-Bill made ?
- (2) Why is it that Kookaburra laughs and Duck-Bill does not ?

In the end Rolla-Mano's tongue became so tired with saying magic words that he thought he would have to give up. And he would have given up if he had not been a person of great determination. So he drank a long drink from the Murmuring-Murrumbidgee-River and drew in a deep breath that made a great wind come rushing up from the south. The wind whistled through the gum saplings and played a loud, thrumming tune on their leaves, drowning the brassy buzzing of the locusts in the trees and making the breakers thunder and growl on the beaches along the coast.

'Thargomindah — Cunnamulla — Milperinka !' shrieked Rolla-Mano, going blacker in the face than he was before, for he was a very determined person. 'Collarendabri — Coonamble — Gunda-bluey—Millaamillaa !' Just as he said the last 'Millaa !' his tongue became tangled in his wiry

black beard and he fell down in front of the humpy-hut quite tired out !

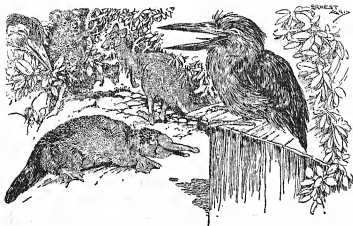
Did I tell you that Kookaburra watched with mischief in his eye? Well, when Rolla-Mano dropped his magic dilly-bag and fell down, quite tired out, Kookaburra's eyes sparkled more than ever with mischief. He flew down from the top of the humpy-hut, hopped over in his own bouncing way to the magic dilly-bag, and looked at it first with one eye then with the other.

Something in the dilly-bag moved ever so little, as if Rolla-Mano's magic was just beginning to work.

Kookaburra took up the bag in his claws, chuckling gurgly chuckles to himself, while Rolla-Mano still lay quite tired out, then he flew round and round the humpy-hut from east to west, from north to south, and from north-east to south-west, shouting bird-magic, animal-magic and fish-magic all jumbled up together like this : ' Pickanjinnie—Werriwee—Turramurra —Quambatook — Wirrumbirchip — Gundabluey —CANBERRA ! '

Kookaburra dropped the magic dilly-bag on the river-bank and flew back to the top of the humpy-hut.

Then he laughed !



He laughed so loudly that Rolla-Mano woke up, and all the other creatures gathered round and began to laugh too ; for, when the magic dilly-bag opened, out tumbled the queerest creature in the world, with a furry animal's body and webbed feet and a bill like a duck's !

And when Rolla-Mano saw Kookaburra laughing at the queer-looking Duck-Bill, he shouted, 'Aha ! I knew I could make you laugh !' and that made Kookaburra laugh more than ever ; for he knew that it was his mixed magic that had brought the queer Duck-Bill from the magic dilly-bag.

Everyone laughed but Duck-Bill. He grew sensitive and touchy and dived into the Murmur-ing-Murrumbidgee-River to hide himself. And

ever since then—though all this happened ages and ages ago—Duck-Bills have lived in burrows in the banks of creeks, keeping out of sight of other creatures; for they are still sensitive and touchy.

And Kookaburras still laugh when they remember how the Duck-Bill was made. It is the first thing they think of at sunrise and the last thing at sunset, and that is why they may always be heard chuckling and laughing most at those times.

*From Erle Wilson's
'Green Frog and Other Stories.'*

How to pronounce names in this lesson:

Thar-go-mln-da	Gun-da-bloo-cc	Turr-a-murr-a
Cun-a-mull-a	Mil-a-mil-a	Kwom-ba-took
Mil-per-ink-a	Pick-an-jin-ee	Wir-um-blrch-up
Col-a-ren-da-brce	Wer-i-wee	Can-bra
Coon-amble		

51. A FAMOUS ARTIST—I

The Story of Michael Angelo

Sunny Italy has been the home of some of the greatest painters and sculptors the world has ever known. Of these artists none is more famous than Michael Angelo, who lived about four hundred years ago.

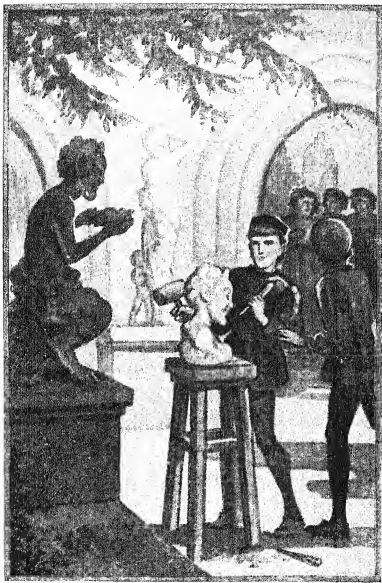
Words: quarries masons portraits
 sculptures sculptors

Find out:

- (1) What training did Michael Angelo receive for his life as an artist?
- (2) For what was Lorenzo de Medici famous?

Michael Angelo was born near the Italian city of Florence in the year 1475. When he was a little child, his home was in his father's country house among the hills around Florence.

There were important quarries in the district, and nearly all the people of the place were masons. When Michael Angelo grew older, his father sent him to a school in Florence. More than once he gave the boy a thrashing when he found that, instead of attending to his studies, he often spent his time in the workshops of the city masons.



MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE FAUN

Michael Angelo had made up his mind to be an artist, however ; and when he was thirteen he was sent as an apprentice to a clever painter.

How he must have loved this new life, preparing his master's colours, listening to the talk of other artists, seeing the great men of the city who came to sit for their portraits, and then copying drawings and paintings himself. Once he even dared to go over one of his master's own drawings, and with a few bold strokes of his pencil he seemed to make the picture come alive.

At that time there was in Florence a very wealthy nobleman, named Lorenzo de Medici,¹ who lived in such splendid style that he was called Lorenzo the Magnificent. He liked to help and encourage artists, and he filled his palace with the best pictures and sculptures.

In Lorenzo's palace garden were many splendid statues, carved by sculptors who lived in Italy and Greece in olden days. Lorenzo wished to form a school where all the best work of these ancient masters might be copied, so that they should not be forgotten. He set a clever sculptor in charge, and this man, whose name was Bartoldo, sent to Michael Angelo's master for suitable pupils. Among the boys who were chosen was Michael Angelo, now a lad of sixteen.

¹ Pronounce Lor-en-zo day Med-each-ee.

52. A FAMOUS ARTIST—II

The Faun's Head

Here, in the form of a short play, is an incident which took place during Michael Angelo's stay in Lorenzo de Medici's school for artists.

The People in the Play—

MICHAEL ANGELO, a pupil in Lorenzo de Medici's school.	ANTONIO } friends of Lor- PIERO ¹ } enzo de Medici. LODOVICO, ² Michael
--	---

MARCO, another pupil. Angelo's father.

LORENZO DE MEDICI ('His Magnificence').

Words: mallet overlooked craftsman genius customs

SCENE I

Florence. A garden of the palace of LORENZO DE MEDICI. It is decorated with statues of Roman gods and goddesses of old. Beside the statue of a woodland faun³ stands the sixteen-year-old MICHAEL ANGELO, with mallet and chisel in his hand. He is making a copy of the faun's head in a block of marble. MARCO stands watching him.

MARCO : This is a change from dressing stone and sharpening tools, Michael. Where did you get the marble ?

¹ Pronounce Pe-ay-ro.

² Pronounce Lo-do-vee-co.

³ *Faun*, a kind of god of the ancient Romans.

MICHAEL ANGELO : I begged it from Francisco. Master Bartoldo said it could be spared. I do not want to dress stone all my time here : I want to form something of my own in stone—something that will grow, like this, under my hands. What do you think of my faun ?

MARCO : It is so like the ancient one that, except for the newness of the stone, I could not tell one from the other. [*Looking across the garden*] Oh, I can see his Magnificence walking this way, with two friends of his, I think ! Now what will you do ? What will he say when he catches you doing this ?

MICHAEL ANGELO [*calmly continuing his work*] : Why should he say anything ? To-day is a half-holiday, to be spent as we please, and I am doing no harm.

[*Enter LORENZO, with ANTONIO and PIERO. They come up to the two boys, and stand looking at MICHAEL ANGELO's work for a moment without speaking. MICHAEL ANGELO and MARCO stand respectfully, caps in hand.*]

LORENZO : Who gave you the marble for that head, my boy ?

MICHAEL ANGELO : Francisco the foreman, your Magnificence, with Master Bartoldo's leave.

LORENZO : Well, well. [*Looking closely at the faun's head*] A very fine piece of work for so young a hand.—What do you say, gentlemen ?

ANTONIO : A fine piece indeed. [*In a whisper, to LORENZO*] I have seen no better. This youth will make a name for himself, my friend. Mark what I say.

PIERO [*to ANTONIO*] : I agree with my lord, and with you, sir. The copy is wonderful for one so young.

LORENZO : Yes, it pleases me well. [*Smiling*] But look, boy ; our old friend the faun has lived for many a hundred years now, and in so old a head it is not right that the teeth should be complete, as you have made them. Well, what do you say, then ?

MICHAEL ANGELO [*eagerly*] : Yes, my lord. I see.

ANTONIO [*laughing, to LORENZO*] : Ha, ha ! my friend. Your wits are as quick as your taste in art.

[*The three gentlemen pass on, laughing and talking.*]

MARCO : Well, he was not angry.

MICHAEL ANGELO [*calmly*] : Why should he be ? [*To himself, thoughtfully*] He was right, though, about the teeth. I had overlooked that point. I will see to it.

[*He sets to work again with his chisel.*]

SCENE II

The same garden. An hour later. MICHAEL ANGELO, alone, is still working at the faun's head. He does not see LORENZO, ANTONIO, and PIERO enter behind him. They pause before the statue.

LORENZO : What, boy, still at work ? And on a half-holiday, too ! The sun is growing too hot : you had better go indoors.

MICHAEL ANGELO [*starting back*] : Oh, my lord, your pardon ! I did not hear you come !

LORENZO : Well, how is our old friend ? [*Looking at the head which MICHAEL ANGELO has carved*] Upon my word, you have made him lose one of his front teeth, boy ! Excellent, excellent ! Now he is an ancient faun indeed.—And see, Antonio, the gum is hollowed, as if the tooth had dropped out.

ANTONIO [*in a whisper*] : This is skilful work, eh ? We have a clever young craftsman here.

LORENZO [*in a whisper*] : We have a young genius, Antonio, or I am no true judge of art.

PIERO : Indeed, you speak the truth, my lord.

LORENZO [*looking closely at MICHAEL ANGELO*] : What is your name, my boy ?

MICHAEL ANGELO : Michael Angelo, the son of Lodovico, your Magnificence.

LORENZO : What, Lodovico who has a post at the customs ?

MICHAEL ANGELO : The same, my lord.

LORENZO : Go and tell your father that I wish to speak with him.

[MICHAEL ANGELO *hastily puts down his mallet and chisel, picks up his cap, bows, and leaves the garden. The three gentlemen look at each other, then gather round the faun's head, all talking eagerly.*]

SCENE III

The same garden. Three hours later. MICHAEL ANGELO and his father, LODOVICO, are standing beside the head of the faun.

LODOVICO [*angrily*] : I tell you, boy, I will not have it ! No son of mine shall be a stonemason——

MICHAEL ANGELO [*quietly*] : I wish to be a sculptor, father.

LODOVICO [*impatiently*] : Pah ! The same thing, the same thing ! Chipping at bits of stone when you might be doing more worthy work ! No, I say—a thousand times, no !

[*Enter LORENZO. LODOVICO and MICHAEL ANGELO stand bareheaded before him, bowing. LODOVICO's anger dies away.*]

LORENZO : Lodovico, I sent for you to speak about your son. You see this piece of work which he has done.

LODOVICO : Your Magnificence, I am no judge of sculpture, but——

LORENZO : The work is very promising ; nay, I will say more—it is the work of no ordinary sculptor. And so, Lodovico, I am going to make you and your son an offer. If you will let me have charge of the boy, I will take him into my house, and treat him like one of my own sons. He shall learn all that can be learnt of his art from the best masters in Italy, and maybe—who knows ?—one day not Italy only, but the world, shall hear of Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO [*looking from one to the other eagerly*] : Oh, your Magnificence !—Oh, father !

LODOVICO [*humbly bowing again*] : It shall be as you wish, my lord. Not Michael Angelo alone, but all of us, with our lives and liberties, are at the pleasure of your Magnificence.

MICHAEL ANGELO : Oh, my lord, thank you—thank you a thousand times !—And thank you, too, dear father !

CURTAIN

53. A FAMOUS ARTIST—III

Words: cathedral perfection design memorial

Find out:

- (1) What sort of man was Michael Angelo? Tell the story about the friend who visited him at work.
- (2) What are some of the great works of art which we owe to Michael Angelo?

Michael Angelo was taken into Lorenzo's house, where he was taught by the best sculptors and treated like one of the nobleman's sons.

He lived in this way for three years, learning all that he could about his art. Then Lorenzo died ; and for some years after that the young sculptor worked hard in Rome to help to provide for his father and his three younger brothers.

When he was about twenty-six, Michael Angelo returned to Florence. In the workshop of the cathedral in that city there was an immense marble block, over thirteen feet high, from which, a hundred years before, a famous sculptor had begun to make a statue of David. He had never completed it, and now Michael Angelo was asked to do so. Two years later he finished this great and splendid piece of work ; it is still to be seen in

Florence, and is one of the best known of his sculptures.

Michael Angelo's whole heart was in his sculpture. He lived very simply, even poorly, and cared nothing for a gay life, fine clothes, or rich food. He took great pains with his work, down to the smallest details, and was never so happy as when spending most of the twenty-four hours of every day with a mallet and chisel in his hand.

There is a story about him which says that he was once visited by a friend, who found him just finishing work upon a statue. Some days later the friend called again, and saw him still at work upon the same piece.

'Surely,' the friend said, 'you have been spending your time idly since I was last here.'

'No,' the sculptor replied, 'I have been very busy. I have improved this eye, and I have softened the lines of this lip here. I have made this muscle look stronger, and made the line of this limb finer. I have touched up this part, and polished that.'

'No doubt,' said his friend carelessly, 'but, my dear friend, these are nothing but trifles, after all.'

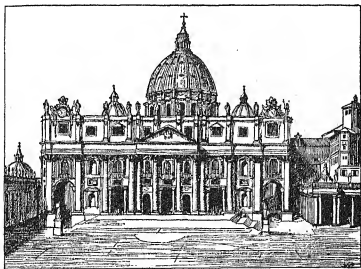
'Yes,' answered Michael Angelo, 'but you must remember that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.'

During his long life of nearly ninety years,

Michael Angelo did much work in sculpture and painting. The last years of his life, however, were spent in making plans for rebuilding the church of St Peter in Rome.

After his death, many of his plans for the church were not carried out ; but the huge dome, which he designed, was built exactly as he wished. To-day this dome is looked upon as one of the world's noblest examples of the builder's art ; and it stands as a worthy memorial of ' Italy's greatest sculptor.'

Dorothy King.



ST PETER'S CHURCH, ROME

54. THE NIGHT EXPRESS

In 'How they brought the Good News' (see pages 141-145) Robert Browning seemed to make his poem gallop along. The author of this poem has done something similar; what is it? This seems a modern poem, but actually it was written three-quarters of a century ago. One or two words 'give the show away'; can you find them?

With three snorts of strength,
Stretching my mighty length,
Like some long dragon gathering his coil,
Out from the glare of gas
Into the night I pass,
And slowly settle to titanic¹ toil.

Little I know or care
What be the load I bear,
Why thus compelled, I seek not to divine;
At man's command I stir,
I, his stern messenger!
Does he his duty well as I do mine?

¹ *titanic*, tremendous, giant-like. The Titans were giants of the old-time Greek legends.

Straight on my silent road,
 Flanked by no man's abode,
 No foe I parley with, no friend I greet ;
 Or like a bolt I fly
 Under the starry sky,
 Scorning the current of the sluggish street.

Onward from South to North,
 Onward from Thames to Forth,
 On—like a comet—on, unceasingly,
 Faster and faster yet.
 On—where far boughs of jet
 Stretch their wild woof against the pearly sky.

Faster and faster still—
 Dive I through rock and hill,
 Starting the echoes with my shrill alarms ;
 Swiftly I curve and bend,
 While, like an eager friend,
 The distance runs to clasp me in its arms.

Ne'er from my path I swerve,
 Rattling around a curve
 Not vainly trusting to my trusty bars ;
 On through the hollow night,
 While now to left or right
 A city glistens like a clump of stars.

On through the night I steer ;
 Never a sound I hear
 Save the strong beating of my steady stroke—
 Save when the circling owl
 Hoots, or the screaming fowl
 Rise from the marshes like a sudden smoke.

On—till the race be won,
 On—till the coming sun
 Blinds moon and stars with his excessive light ;
 On till the earth be green
 And the first lark be seen
 Shaking away with songs the dews of night.

Sudden my speed I slack—
 Sudden all force I lack—
 Without a struggle yield I up my breath ;
 Numbed are my thews of steel,
 Wearily rolls each wheel,
 My heart cools slowly to the sleep of death.

Why for so brief a length
 Have I my mighty strength ?—
 Man is my master—I cannot divine ;
 At his command I stir,
 I, his stern messenger !
 Does he his duty well as I do mine ?

Cosmo Monkhouse.

55. BY T.P.O.—I

This account of the journey from London to Aberdeen by the 'Night Mail' seems to answer the question asked by the 'stern messenger' at the end of the poem 'The Night Express.'

Words: apparatus despatching injury official deserted

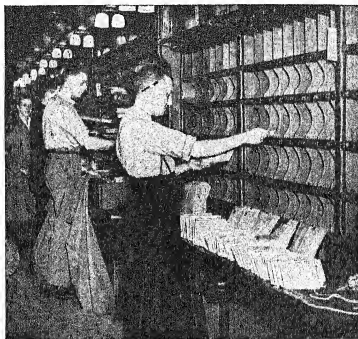
Find out:

- (1) What is meant by 'T.P.O.'? With which T.P.O. is this story concerned?
- (2) What does one see in a T.P.O.?
- (3) How great is the load carried by this T.P.O.?

About eight thousand million letters are posted every year, and the Post Office has the task of delivering them with the least possible delay. It is a very severe task; indeed, it would be an impossible one but for the Travelling Post Office, or T.P.O., as it is called.

Great Britain has more than seventy Travelling Post Offices. Let us imagine ourselves to be making a journey in the most important of them all, the 'Down Special' from London to Aberdeen.

For over fifty years now the Down Special has left Euston Station, London, for the North every night at 8.30 p.m., except on Christmas Day. While most of us are sleeping, the Royal Mail rushes northwards through the night on its



Fox Photos.

T.P.O. SORTERS AT WORK

Letters are being placed in the boxes, or pigeon-holes,
according to their addresses.

journey of five hundred and forty miles to
Aberdeen.

At Euston, the Royal Mail may be seen each evening at 7.15 p.m. taking on its load of mails. Seen from the platform, a T.P.O. coach looks quite like the ordinary guard's-van, but there are some interesting differences.

The words 'Royal Mail' are boldly painted

on its side, and the apparatus for receiving and despatching the mail-bags while the train is travelling fits snugly against the side of the coach, ready for use when required. On the outside of each coach is a letter-box, in which people may post letters for a fee of one halfpenny in addition to the ordinary postage.

The large sliding doors are open, and mail-bags, bulging with letters, lie piled on the floors of the carriages, waiting for the attention of the sorters. Electric lamps throw a bright light on to the platform and on the hurrying porters, who form a constant procession to the train from the mail-vans drawn up on the roadway at the other side of the platform.

As we make our way along the coaches, we see on one side rows of pigeon-hole cases, with their separate pigeon-holes for small and long letters, newspapers and packets. All fittings and sorting-frames are covered and padded with horse-hair, to protect the men from injury while the train is travelling at high speeds.

On the other side of the carriages, opposite the sorting-frames, bags are hung on hooks; later the bundles of letters will be placed into these bags according to their addresses. It is on this side, too, that the despatching and receiving apparatus is carried.

From 7.15 p.m. until we leave at half-past eight a stream of mail-vans arrives at the platform. Post Office sorters are already in the train sorting the letters. Just before the time for departure, late-comers run to the late-fee posting-box on the train and hurriedly post their letters. At 8.30 p.m. fully one thousand three hundred mail-bags are on board, and about sixty-five thousand letters are ready for sorting.

The officer in charge stands beside us on the platform. The green light from the signal at the end of the station announces the 'all clear,' and the guard walks slowly along the platform towards us.

'All ready, sir,' he reports. 'Can we go?'

'No; we had better wait till the last second, or else we shall be told that someone has missed the post,' replies the officer in charge.

The two officials, the one employed by the Railway Company, the other by the Post Office, set their watches to the correct time, for exactness is necessary if the work of the Railway and the T.P.O. is to be carried out.

With a last glance along the platform, now almost deserted, the guard blows his whistle, and the Down Special glides slowly out of Euston Station into the night on its long journey to Aberdeen.

56. BY T.P.O.—II

Words : standard pouches extended suburbs

Find out :

- (1) How are letters received and despatched?
- (2) What is the route taken by the 'Down Special'?
- (3) What, do you think, is the advantage of having a T.P.O.?

Thirty-six men are already at work on the train, sorting letters. Their quick fingers pick up hundreds of letters from the huge piles heaped on the flat, green-covered tables and place them in their proper boxes. Though these boxes are not marked, it is seldom that a letter is found out of place.

Now and again the officer in charge passes along the coach in which we stand. He glances at the piles of letters but rarely requires to give an order. Each sorter keeps his attention fixed on his task, because he knows that on the T.P.O. one works always against time.

As we approach Hemel Hempstead we stand in the apparatus coach. Two men are employed here, and they have an important duty to perform. It is they who must make certain that there is no mistake in the despatch or receiving of mails

while the train is travelling at express speed. Their work is very interesting to watch.

Outside, beside the railway track, is the ground apparatus, which consists of an upright standard. Shortly before the train passes, the pouches containing the mail-bags are hung on the standard, which is turned so that the arms point towards the railway track.

The men in charge of the apparatus in the carriage in which we stand have opened the sliding doors outside which the net is fixed. A huge lever inside the carriage is pulled over, and the net is extended, ready to take the pouches off the standard beside the line.

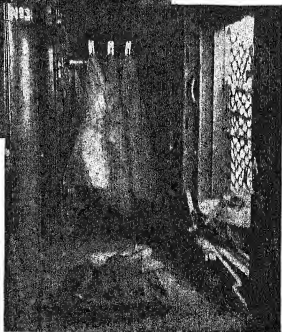
An electric bell rings, warning us to stand clear, and, as we wait, a stream of cold night air rushes through the open doorway. Suddenly, the pouches are hurled into the train on to the floor of the coach, within three feet of where we stand ; the net is pulled in, the sliding doors are closed and fastened, and the pouches are unpacked and their contents taken to the proper part of the train for sorting.

This is but one of many such incidents on the long journey to Scotland. No matter what the weather may be, whether there is fog, snow, or heavy rain, mails must be taken aboard or dropped by the rail side. If the slightest mistake occurs.



Top picture.—A T.P.O. about to pick up a mail-bag while travelling at high speed. The bag is hung from a standard at the side of the track.

Bottom picture.—A mail-bag, wrenched away by the net of the T.P.O., is thrown on to the floor of the 'apparatus room.'



By kind permission

Post Office Magazine.

THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE AT WORK

a bag of mail will fail to arrive in time. These mistakes are rare.

The men in charge of the apparatus know exactly when to extend the net, for they can tell the different sounds as the train rushes through a station or under or over a bridge. One can imagine what would happen if an operator extended his heavy iron supports and net too soon. Suppose that he did so just before the mail-train entered a station with a crowded platform !

Our stops during the long run northward are not very many, but they are important ; they are at Rugby, Tamworth, Crewe, Preston, Carlisle, Carstairs, Stirling, and Perth. In the few minutes spent at each station mail-bags are received and unloaded, and at some of the stopping-places vans have to be shunted on to or off the T.P.O.

The end of our journey comes about 8 a.m., when we steam slowly into Aberdeen. It is difficult to imagine that at this moment letters which we have seen being sorted into little pigeon-holes on the train on the way are now being delivered in cities, towns, suburbs, and scattered houses throughout northern England, most of Wales, the Midlands, and southern Scotland.

W. W. Legge.



57. THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we ;
When they said, ' Some day you may lose them all,'
He replied, ' Fish fiddle-de-dee !'
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, ' The World in general knows
There 's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes !'

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel ;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, ' No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm ;
And it 's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose.'



The Pobble swam fast and well,
 And when boats or ships came near him
 He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
 So that all the world could hear him.
 And all the sailors and admirals cried,
 When they saw him nearing the further side,
 'He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers !'

But before he touched the shore,
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,
 A sea-green porpoise carried away
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
 And when he came to observe his feet,
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
 His face at once became forlorn
 On perceiving that all his toes were gone !

And nobody ever knew,

From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes

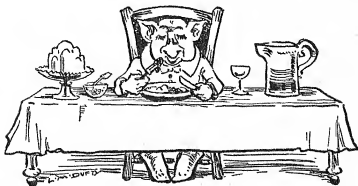
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish grey
Or crafty mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew ; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of twice five toes !

The Pobble who has no toes

Was placed in a friendly bark,
And they rowed him back and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's park.

And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish ;
And she said, ' It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes.'

Edward Lear.



58. ON EASTER ISLAND

Captain Cook, the famous British explorer, visited Easter Island in 1774, during a voyage in the Pacific Ocean.

Words : **endeavoured** **assembled** **trinkets**
 plantains **expert**

Find out :

- (1) Were the people of Easter Island friendly to the strangers or not? How do you know?
- (2) In what respect were they unusually clever?

At eight o'clock on the 11th of March land was seen from the masthead, and I had no doubt that this was Easter Island. I endeavoured to get into what appeared to be a bay on the west side of the point, or south-east side of the island ; but before this could be done night came upon us, and we remained off the land till the next morning.

As we had anchored too near the edge of a bank, a fresh breeze from the land, about three o'clock the next morning, drove us off it ; thereupon the anchor was heaved up, and sail was made to gain the bank again.

While the ship was plying in, I went ashore, along with some of the gentlemen, to see what the

island was likely to afford us. We landed at the sandy beach, where some hundreds of the natives were assembled ; indeed, many of them were so impatient to see us that they swam out to meet the boats. Not one of them had so much as a stick or weapon of any sort in his hands.

After giving a few trinkets amongst them, we made signs for something to eat. They brought down a few potatoes, plantains, and sugar-canes, and exchanged them for nails, looking-glasses, and pieces of cloth.

We presently discovered that they were as expert thieves, and as tricky in their exchanges, as any people we had yet met. It was with difficulty that we could keep the hats on our heads, and it was hardly possible to keep anything in our pockets, not even what they themselves had sold us ; for they would watch every chance to snatch it from us, so that we sometimes bought the same thing two or three times over, and after all did not get it.

*From Captain Cook's 'A Voyage
round the World.'*

59. THE DESERTER

Words: trawler skipper deserter smack capstan

Find out:

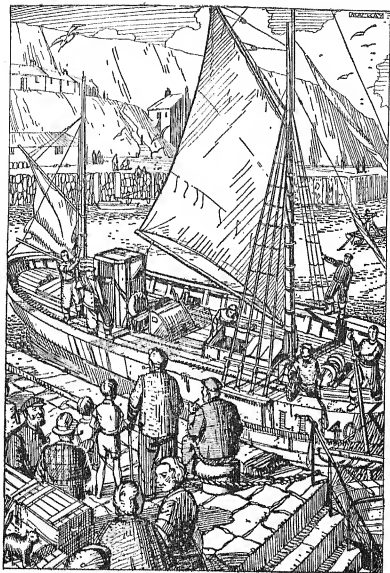
- (1) What is meant by: (a) *hoisting the mizzen*; (b) *casting off the warps*; (c) *the wheel-house*; (d) *fending off*? (A dictionary and the picture on the opposite page will help you.)
- (2) Who was the deserter?

The sailing-trawler *Ivan* was ready to put to sea, and in the small Sussex port where she lay the event was enough to stir up interest. A little crowd had gathered on the quay, and I was among them.

The absence of the *Ivan's* skipper, who had gone to the harbour office on some last-minute business, delayed the sailing. The crew were waiting about the decks, pipes in mouths, and were impatient to be gone.

All but one! Away in the stern, hidden from those on deck by the half-set mizzen, but plain to me from where I stood on the quay, I could see that one, and he was clearly in a sulky mood.

Not for him the hardships of a trip to sea; he wished—as his upward looks showed—for firm



‘Hey! Where’s Peter?’ the skipper cried.

ground beneath his feet, for shore food, and for warm fires of an evening.

Then it happened, quite suddenly and very quickly. A sly look around, a small jump, a final heave, and he was on the quay. As he shook himself after that final heave over the quay-side, our eyes met, and I smiled. He gave me a cold stare, and walked boldly away. It was all over in twenty seconds ; no one noticed it but myself. Everyone else had been listening to two men arguing up in the bows. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the deserter push his way boldly through the crowd, and stalk on to the road. Nobody was aware that he had come off the *Ivan* at all.

A minute later a lorry came rattling along the water-side. A stout man, with a heavy moustache, was standing on the step. It was the skipper.

As the lorry passed us the skipper dropped neatly off the step, and, bidding good-bye to the driver, pushed through the little crowd and swung down on to the *Ivan's* deck.

' All ready, boys ? ' he called. ' Right ! Cast off, then ! ' He went below for an instant, and when he appeared again one of the men was already ashore casting off the warps.

The skipper squeezed into the tiny wheel-house and rang for the engines to start. As they began to splutter, the man who had been casting

off sprang aboard. 'Hey, where's Peter?' he cried.

The man's words caused quite a stir. The skipper peered out of the wheel-house; the man who had been hoisting the mizzen stopped hauling; those in the bows who had been fending the *Ivan* off a Ramsgate smack held fast; and we on the quay-side leaned over to see what all the fuss was about.

'Why, he was sulking here in the stern not half a minute back!' exclaimed the man who had been hoisting the mizzen.

'I expect he's gone off,' said one of the men in the bows. 'He wouldn't touch his dinner.'

'Must be aboard . . . down below . . . hiding under the nets . . . can't have gone . . . no one saw him. . . .' These and other remarks rose to us from the trawler.

The skipper turned his face towards us. 'Did any of you see our Pete slip ashore?' he shouted.

There was a chorus of 'No' from around me, but I said nothing.

'Well, he must be aboard somewhere. Have a look round; we mustn't leave him behind.'

Then began a furious search of the *Ivan's* decks under the nets, under the trawl-gear, and in the wheel-house. It lasted for two or three minutes, gradually slackening off until the crew of the

Ivan were standing about calling, 'Come out, Pete,' and pretending to search behind the capstan or in the main topsail.

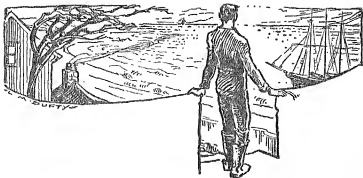
The skipper pulled out his watch, looked at it sharply, and said, 'He's not aboard, *that's* certain, and we can't wait all day for him. I might have known he was going to skip.' Saying that, he squeezed back into the wheel-house and shouted, 'Carry on.'

The man in the stern began to hoist the mizzen again ; those in the bows pushed hard against the Ramsgate smack ; the engine started up ; and the *Ivan* moved slowly out.

As she came into mid-stream, the breeze caught her mizzen and swung her round, with bows pointing to the harbour mouth. The engine beat faster, and five minutes later, as she passed between the piers, I could see they had the topsail on her.

The crowd had gone, and I was taking a last look at the *Ivan*, when I felt something rub against my leg. I looked round, and my eyes met those of Peter the Deserter. I picked him up and took him home under my jacket. People often ask me where I found that handsome black tom-cat.

Michael Rome.



60. SEA FEVER

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her
by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
seagulls crying.



SEA FEVER

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

John Masefield.

